

THE LIVING AGE.

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SATISFACTION.

Psalm 15th.

"Be satisfied!" Oh, blissful thought!
How glorious will that waking be,—
The closing of the night of Death,
The dawn of Immortality!

"Be satisfied!" Though parted long,
The loved of earth we there shall meet,
And join with them the ransomed throng,
Who worship at the Saviour's feet.

This voice, that ne'er on earthly ground
Hath joined in these harmonious strains,
Harmonious shall with angels blend,
And echo o'er the heavenly plains.

"Be satisfied!" for sin no more,
That sole destroyer of my rest,
Nor grief, nor care, nor anguish sore,
Shall e'er disturb my fearful breast.

"Be satisfied!" How dark soe'er
Hath seemed at times my earthly lot,
One blissful hour of worship there,
Earth's darkest scenes will be forgot;

Or, if remembered, but to prove
In each event a Father's love,
Who sought to wean my soul from earth,
And fit it for his home above.

But this, the sum of all my joy,—
My Saviour, thee I there shall see!
And gaze in transports of delight
On that dear form that bled for me.

And while I gaze, in wonder lost,
On the sweet glories of that face,—
Into his sacred image changed,
I, too, shall pass from grace to grace,

Till, purged from every stain of sin,
From earthly dross refined and free,
I, in myself reflected bright,
His perfect likeness then shall see.

Oh, grant me patience, Lord, to wait,
Content thy will to do or bear,
Till with *thy likeness* I awake,
And, with thy saints, thy glory share.
—*Boston Recorder.*

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

BY T. B. READ.

THE maid who binds her warrior's shash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry teardrop, hangs and trembles,

Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart shall shed a drop as dear
As ever dewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And gravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder—
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of war around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon a field of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief,
When to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor.

THE ANGELS IN THE HOUSE.

THREE pairs of dimpled arms, as white as snow,
Held me in soft embrace;
Three little cheeks, like velvet penches soft,
Were placed against my face.

Three pairs of tiny eyes, so clear, so deep,
Looked up in mine this even;
Three pairs of lips kissed me a sweet "good-
night,"
Three little forms from heaven.

Ah! it is well that "little ones" should love
us!
It lights our faith when dim,
To know that once our blessed Saviour bade
them
Bring "little ones" to him.

And said he not "Of such is heaven," and
blessed them,
And held them to his breast?
Is it not sweet to know that when they leave us,
'Tis then they go to rest?

And yet, ye tiny angels of my house,
Three hearts encased in mine,
How 'twould be shattered if the Lord should
say,—
"Those angels are not thine!"
—*Standard Bearer.*

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *A Critical History of Free Thought in Reference to the Christian Religion.* By Adam Storey Farrar, M. A. London, 1862.
2. *Essays and Reviews—Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688–1750.* By Mark Pattison, B. D. London, 1860.

TOLAND, Collins, Tindal, Woolston, Morgan, Chubb, Annet. What kind of recollection do these names call up in the minds of English readers of the present day? Are they, to the majority, anything more than a bare catalogue of names,—“*Alcandrumque Haliumque Noëmonaque Prytaninque*,”—known, perhaps, in a general way as deistical writers, much as the above-mentioned Virgilian, or rather Homeric, worthies are known as soldiers; but, in other respects, not much more distinguished as regards personality and individual character? Yet these were men of mark in their day, the essayists and reviewers of the last century, attracting nearly as much attention, and receiving nearly as many criticisms, as their successors are doing at present. Nor were some of them without confident hope of the lasting effects which their works were destined to produce. Tindal prefaces his “*Christianity as Old as the Creation*” with the declaration that he “thinks he has laid down such plain and evident rules as may enable men of the meanest capacity to distinguish between Religion and Superstition, and has represented the former in every part so beautiful, so amiable, and so strongly affecting, that they who in the least reflect must be highly in love with it.” And towards the conclusion of the work, he sums up his estimate of its argument in terms equally flattering: “For my part, I think, there’s none who wish well to mankind, but must likewise wish this hypothesis to be true; and can there be a greater proof of its truth than that it is, in all its parts, so exactly calculated for the good of mankind that either to add to or to take from it will be to their manifest prejudice?” Chubb, in the preface to his “*True Gospel*,” asserts that he has “rendered the gospel of Christ defensible upon rational principles.” Annet tells his readers that his end is “to hold forth the acceptable Light of Truth, which makes men free, enables them to break the bands of creed-makers and imposers asunder, and to cast their cords from us; and to set at liberty cap-

tives bruised with their chains; to convince those that believe they see, or that see only through Faith’s optics, that their blindness remaineth.”* Woolston boasts that he will “cut out such a piece of work for our Boylean Lectures as shall hold them tug so long as the ministry of the letter and an hireling priesthood shall last.”† And truly, if temporary popularity were any security for lasting reputation, Woolston had good grounds for his boast. His discourses are said to have been sold to the extent of thirty thousand copies, and to have called forth in a short time as many as sixty replies.‡ Swift’s satirical lines testify to his popularity; while in other respects they might pass for a description of a right reverend critic of the present day.

“Here’s Woolston’s tracts, the twelfth edition.
 ’Tis read by every politician;
 The country members, when in town,
 To all their boroughs send them down;
 You never met a thing so smart;
 The courtiers have them all by heart.
 Those maids of honor who can read
 Are taught to use them for their creed.
 The reverend author’s good intention
 Has been rewarded with a pension.
 He does an honor to his gown
 By bravely running priestcraft down:
 He shows, as sure as God’s in Gloucester,
 That Moses was a grand impostor.”

Other authors of the same school attained to a like celebrity. Against Collins’s “*Discourse of Freethinking*,” according to the boast of the author himself, no less than thirty-four works were published in England alone;§ and the list of antagonist publications enumerated by Thorschmid amounts in all to seventy-nine in various languages. Tindal’s “*Christianity as Old as the Creation*” gave occasion, according to the same diligent collector, to as many as a hundred and fifteen replies.

At this time, when we are again startled by a similar phenomenon,—when we once more see writings, whose literary merits, to say the least, are by no means sufficient to account for the notice they have attracted and the apprehensions they have excited,

* “The Resurrection of Jesus considered,” p. 87.

† “Fifth Discourse on the Miracles of Our Saviour,” p. 65.

‡ Lechler, “*Geschichte des Englischen Deismus*,” p. 204.

§ Thorschmid, “*Freydenker Bibliothek*,” vol. i. p. 155. In the *Acta Eruditorum Lipsiens.*, A. 1714, it is said that as many as twenty answers appeared in the same year with the discourse itself.

pushed into an adventitious celebrity by the subject of which they treat, and the circumstances under which they were written,—our attention is naturally drawn to the parallel furnished by the last century; and we feel an interest in asking why it is that men so celebrated and so dreaded in their own generation should be so utterly forgotten in ours. And the interest is increased when we become aware of the existence of other parallels in other countries. The same state of things which existed in England in the early part of the eighteenth century was repeated in France in the latter part of the same century, and in Germany at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth. In France, the names of La Mettrie and De Prades and D'Argens and D'Holbach and Damiaville and St. Lambert and Raynal are almost as much forgotten as those of their English predecessors. In Germany, those of Tieftunk and Henke and Eckermann and Paulus and Röhr and Wegscheider represent men who once exercised a living influence on the theology of their day, but whose works are now little more than the decaying monuments of a dead and buried rationalism.

These, it may be objected, are neither the only nor the greatest names that can be cited as examples of freethinking in their respective countries; nor are they entitled to be considered as its chief representatives. Yet they are fair representatives, not indeed of the highest amount of ability or influence that has at any time been combined with freethinking tendencies, but of the class of writers whose reputation rests principally or solely upon those tendencies. Men like Hume and Gibbon, or even Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke, in England, like Voltaire and Rousseau in France, like Lessing and Wieland in Germany, may have written in the same spirit, and may have been as heterodox in their belief as their less distinguished countrymen; but they so little owe their literary reputation exclusively or principally to their heterodoxy, that that reputation would now in all probability be as great or greater than it is, had their thoughts on religion never been given to the world. If we are to compare the freethinking of individuals with the teaching of the church, in respect of its permanent influence on the minds of men, we must compare them, as Plato compares

justice and injustice, in themselves, and not in their accidental accompaniments. We may perhaps add that by so doing we shall find a closer parallel to the writers who have excited the greatest religious panic among ourselves at the present day.*

These three schools of England, France, and Germany, however differing in the spirit and details of their teaching, have this feature in common,—that they are all, to a great extent, of native growth in their several countries, and sprung up under, or were modified by, the influence, rightly or wrongly understood, of a native system of philosophy. In England, in the early part of the last century, both the assailants and the defenders of Christianity borrowed their weapons from the armory of Locke. In France, the prevailing religious unbelief took much of its tone from the philosophy of Condillac; and the rationalism of Germany, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, allied itself, as regards its main principles, with the system of Kant. In every case, also, the theological deductions were rather inferred from than contained in the philosophical systems with which they were connected, and, in some cases, were neither intended nor admitted by the authors of those systems. Locke, to use the words of his friend Molyneux, took an early opportunity of "shaking off" Toland. Condillac, devoting himself chiefly to philosophical speculations, carefully avoided all application of his principles to questions of morals or religion; and while he allowed no other source of knowledge than the experience of the senses, he was at the same time so far removed from the materialism of his later followers that his system has even been regarded as logically identical with the idealism of Berkeley.† In the philosophy of Kant we may discern two opposite tendencies: the rationalism which his practical philosophy encourages is refuted by his speculative phi-

* The apologist for the "Essays and Reviews," in the *Edinburgh Review* of April, 1861, compares the excitement caused by that work to such "religious panics" as that on the prospect of the admission of Dissenters to the universities in 1834, that on the Education Scheme in 1839, and those caused by the Hampden and Gorham controversies and by the papal aggression. It would have been more just to compare it with the interest excited by the deistical works of the last century; but such a comparison would have overthrown the reviewer's argument.

† See Diderot, "Lettre sur les Aveugles," *Œuvres* (1821), tom. i. p. 321.

losophy ; and while it must be admitted that the Kantian rationalists could find some support for their views in the later writings of their master, it must be admitted, also, that they are supported by one portion only of his philosophy, and that portion not the one on which his fame as a thinker principally rests.

The English and French movements were in this distinguished from the German,—that in the former, political interests and influences were largely mingled with the religious and the philosophical. In Germany, the rationalist theories were of the closet rather than of the world. They were the production of men who applied themselves calmly, and with little more than a speculative interest, to discuss as an abstract question the bearings of certain philosophical speculations on religious belief,—religion itself being little more than a branch of philosophy. In England and France, on the contrary, the philosophical speculation mingled with an existing political current, carried along in its motion and colored by its hue. The English freethinking of the eighteenth century was in part the offspring of the English Revolution : the French infidelity was one of the movements which prepared the way for the French Revolution ; and this difference may go some way toward explaining the difference of temper manifested in the respective controversies. Revolutions are not made with rosewater, nor do they impart a rosewater flavor to the events which follow them while the ocean is still heaving with the scarcely-subsided storm. The German philosopher might calmly discuss his thesis as a statement of abstract truth, which, if not immediately acknowledged, had only to bide its time. In England and in France the question was one involving, or seeming to involve, immediate action, dealing with persons and institutions, not merely with theorems and proofs. In passing from the controversies of the last century to those of the present, we may note a decided improvement in the temper of the disputants ; but at the same time it may be questioned whether the gain is all on one side. Our taste may be less offended by rude language and injurious imputations ; yet it may be doubted whether all the coarse language which a recent writer has so severely censured in the English apologists of the last century * contained anything

* Mr. Pattison allows one exception in the case of

so revolting to the moral sense as the proposition which was calmly and philosophically advocated by Röhr at the close of his " *Letters on Rationalism*," and which has been revived in more than one quarter at the present time ; namely, that a clergyman is at liberty, while retaining his office in the church, to accept the formularies of that church in a new sense, and to teach them in that sense to his congregation.

The characteristic feature of English deism in the last century was, that it was not merely a promulgation of certain opinions on the subject of religion, but also an attack on a body of men, and on the church of which those men were ministers. The idea which the deistical writers labored most earnestly to impress on the mind of the English nation, was that priests are knaves and their congregations fools ; that the shepherds fleeced the flock for their own benefit, and the sheep were simple enough to submit to the process. The attack, it is true, was sometimes masked under the form of an attack on heathen or popish priests, sometimes coupled with an ironical exception in favor of the orthodox ministers of the establishment ; but these transparent disguises were not calculated, and probably were not intended, to deceive any one as to their real purport. The words which Bishop Berkeley puts into the mouth of his Alciphron, exactly represent the general tone of the freethinkers of his age :—

" Take my word for it, priests of all religions are the same ; wherever there are priests there will be priestcraft ; and wherever there is priestcraft there will be a persecuting spirit, which they never fail to exert to the utmost of their power against all those who have the courage to think for themselves, and will not submit to be hoodwinked and manacled by their reverend leaders. Those great masters of pedantry and jargon have coined several systems, which are all equally true, and of equal importance to the world.

Shaftesbury, " to whom," he says, " as well after his death as in his lifetime, his privileges as a peer seem to have secured immunity from hangman's usage,"—" *Essays and Reviews*," p. 311. It may be doubted whether the peerage had anything to do with the matter. Shaftesbury's work was not directly theological, and his occasional allusions to religious doctrines were not, like the more directly deistical publications, an open challenge to controversy. At any rate, Bolingbroke's peerage did not save him from some pretty severe treatment at the hands of Warburton and Leland ; and Shaftesbury himself fared little better under the criticism of Skelton.

The contending sects are each alike fond of their own, and alike prone to discharge their fury upon all who dissent from them. Cruelty and ambition being the darling vices of priests and churchmen all the world over, they endeavor in all countries to get an ascendant over the rest of mankind; and the magistrate, having a joint interest with the priests in subduing, amusing, and scaring the people, too often lends a hand to the hierarchy, who never think their authority and possessions secure, so long as those who differ from them in opinion are allowed to partake even in the common rights belonging to their birth or species."

This determined hostility to the clergy as a body was the distinguishing feature of the deistical movement from first to last; and it is necessary to bear this circumstance in mind, if we would form a just estimate of the attitude taken by the party assailed. The Church of England had but recently recovered from two political attacks, threatening her very existence. She had actually been subverted for a time by Puritanism under the Commonwealth; she had been threatened with a second subversion by Popery, under James II. When a new movement presented itself in a similar form, embodying not merely a discussion of doctrines, but an assault upon men and institutions, it was inevitable that a personal character should be imparted to the controversy; that the defenders of the church should feel that they were contending, not merely against a speculative error which might be met by argument, but against a political assault which was endeavoring to stir up all the bad passions of men against them. A new Martin Marprelate seemed to have arisen, to make war, not only against prelate, but against a clerical order of any kind; and so far as past experience furnished any augury of the future, it might well be feared that if his hostility were suffered to reach its climax, the struggle would not be for victory, but for existence. That such a fear was not altogether groundless, was terribly shown at the close of the century in a neighboring country; and the tree which bore fruit in France was sown in England.

The coarseness and virulence with which this attack was carried on, can be appreciated fully only by those who will take the trouble to search into the now happily forgotten publications of the period. The task

is not a pleasant one; but we have lately heard so much censure of the apologetic writers for want of politeness towards their opponents, that it becomes a duty to inquire what manner of men these opponents really were. A few extracts from their writings will answer this question better than any description.

Toland, the leader of the band, was, after his fashion, a poet as well as a philosopher, and attacked the priests in verse as well as in prose. His earliest work was a poem entitled "The Tribe of Levi," the beginning of which is a tolerably fair specimen of his poetical powers and of his controversial temper.

"Since plagues were ordered for a scourge of men,
And Egypt was chastised with her ten,
No greater plague did any state molest
Than the severe, the worst of plagues, a priest."

His theological system is summed up in some equally meritorious verses in a later work, the "Letters to Serena":—

"Natural religion was easy first and plain;
Tales made it mystery; offerings made it gain;
Sacrifices and shows were at length prepared,
The priests ate roast meat, and the people stared."

His prose is to the same effect. In his "Christianity not Mysterious," which, in point of language, is one of the most moderately written of his works, he cannot forbear telling his readers that it was "through the craft and ambition of priests and philosophers" that mysteries were introduced into Christianity;* and if he does not extend the condemnation in full measure to the clergy of his own day it is only because he charitably allows that they may be well-meaning dupes instead of designing knaves.† So, again, when, in 1713, he came forward as the antagonist of Sacheverell, he was not content to deal with that hot-headed ecclesiastic on his own merits, but availed himself of the occasion to attack the clerical order in general, prefixing to his pamphlet the inflammatory title, "An Appeal to Honest People against Wicked Priests," denouncing the clergy generally as the enemies of good government, and even justifying on this ground the persecution of Christianity by the Roman emperors, because "the emula-

* See "Christianity not Mysterious," p. 168, ed. 1696.

† See "Christianity not Mysterious," p. 127.

tion and ambition of Christian priests had made the Christian religion seem incompatible with good policy." That this kind of language was not merely the expression of individual petulance, but was part of the ordinary and systematic warfare of this class of writers, will be sufficiently shown by the following passages from other authors of the same school :—

Tindal, "The Rights of the Christian Church Asserted," 1707, p. 23 :—

"The tacking the priests' preferments to such opinions not only makes 'em in most nations, right or wrong, to espouse them, and to invent a thousand sophistical and knavish methods of defending 'em to the infinite prejudice of truth, but is the occasion that humanity is in a manner extinct among those Christians who by reason of such articles are divided into different sects, their priests burning with implacable hatred, and stirring up the same passions in all they can influence against the opposers of such opinions."

Ibid. p. 103 :—

"Here one's at a stand which to admire most, the mad insolence and daring impiety of the clergy, or the gross stupidity and wretched abjectness of the laity; one in thus imposing and t'other in being imposed upon."

Ibid. p. 235 :—

"This cursed hypothesis had perhaps never been thought on with relation to civils, had not the clergy (who have an inexhaustible magazine of oppressive doctrines) contrived it first in ecclesiastics, to gratify their insupportable itch of tyrannizing over the laity and over one another."

Collins, "Discourse of Freethinking," 1713, p. 88 :—

"Priests have no interest to lead me to true opinions, but only to the opinions they have listed themselves to profess, and for the most part into mistaken opinions. For it is manifest that all priests, except the orthodox, are hired to lead men into mistakes."

Ibid. pp. 91, 92 :—

"The great charge of supporting such numbers of men as are necessary to maintain impositions is a burden upon society. . . . The charge alone, therefore, of supporting such a number of ecclesiastics is a great evil to society, though it should be supposed that the ecclesiastics themselves were employed in

the most innocent manner imaginable; viz., in mere eating and drinking."

Ibid. p. 93 :—

"Besides, they who have an interest to enlarge their sect and keep it united, know that nothing tends so much to its increase and union as the toleration of vice and wickedness to as great a degree as they can conveniently: for by that means they are sure to engage all the rogues and vicious (and, by consequence, the fools, who will ever be led by them) in their party. And therefore, wherever the power of the priest is at the height, they proceed so far in the encouragement of wickedness as to make all churches sanctuaries or places of protection."

Woolston, "Fifth Discourse on the Miracles," 1728, p. 70 :—

"According to the aforesaid articles of this my faith, I am so fully convinced, not only of the error of the ministry of the letter, but of the mischiefs and inconvenience of an hireling priesthood, that having set my shoulders to the work, I am resolved, by the help of God, to endeavor to give both a lift out of this world. This is fair and generous warning to our clergy to sit fast and look to their own safety, or they may find me a stronger man than they may be aware of. And tho' I don't expect long to survive the accomplishment of so great and glorious a work, yet I am delightfully ravished and transported with the forethought and contemplation of the happiness of mankind upon the extinction of ecclesiastical vermin out of God's house, when the world will return to its primogenial and paradisiacal state of nature, religion, and liberty, in which we shall be all taught of God, and have no need of a foolish and contentious priest, hired to harangue us with his noise and nonsense."

Woolston, "Defence of his Discourses on the Miracles," 1729, p. 23 :—

"And why should not the clergy of the Church of England be turned to grass, and be made to seek their fortune among the people, as well as preachers of other denominations? Where's the sense and reason of imposing parochial priests upon the people to take care of their souls, more than parochial lawyers to look to their estates, or parochial physicians to attend their bodies, or parochial tinkers to mend their kettles? In secular affairs every man chooses the artist and mechanic that he likes best; so much more ought he in spirituals, inasmuch as the welfare of the soul is of greater importance than that of the body or estate. The church-lands

would go a good, if not a full, step towards paying the nation's debt."

Morgan, "The Moral Philosopher," 1738, p. 96 :—

"In short, this clerical religion is a new thimble-and-button, or a powder-le-pimp, which may be this or that, everything or nothing, just as the jugglers please. And yet all this, in their different ways, if you can believe them, is divine institution and immediate revelation from God. All which can amount to no more than this,—that the several passions and interests of every party, and of every man, are divinely instituted by immediate revelation : and this is the privilege of the orthodox faith and of being religious in the clerical way."

Ibid. p. 100 :—

"The generality of the clergy of all denominations, from the very beginning, have been continually palming upon us false coin under the authority of God, and when they are convicted of it, they cry out, that this is but now and then, in a few particular instances, and only here and there a piece ; and they think it hard, very hard, that they cannot have credit upon such small matters."

Ibid. p. 101 :—

"In the mean while, how are our political state-divines everywhere caressed and flattered ; and how happy is it for them that they have an interest much superior to Truth and Reason, Religion or Conscience ! And the ground of all this is certainly a clerical religion above reason and above all possibility of proof."

Chubb, "The True Gospel of Jesus Christ Asserted," 1738, p. 170 :—

"The enlarging the revenues of the church not only introduced a *useless*, but also a *superfluous*, clergy, or a set of clergymen who, with respect to their offices in Christian societies, have answered very little or no good purpose to the gospel of Christ or the souls of men, whatever plausible pretences may have been made in their favor. These superfluous clergymen have been dignified and distinguished by pompous titles and vestments, which have served to introduce a groundless veneration and respect to their persons, whilst their principal business has been to possess great revenues, to live in pomp and grandeur, assuming and exercising dominion over their brethren, whom they have endeavored to keep under the power of ignorance and superstition, as it has been the ground and foundation of their wealth and sovereignty ; whose power has been employed to

the very great hurt and damage of Christian people, and has been highly injurious to the gospel of Christ."

Ibid. p. 174 :—

"To this I may add that the possessing the clergy with wealth and power, which was first introduced by men's great liberality in giving their goods both movable and immovable to the church, this introduced not only a useless, a superfluous, and a supernumerary, but also an *injurious* ministry, or a ministry which were *directly and immediately* highly injurious to the gospel of Christ and to the souls of men. I shall not here take notice of the numberless evils and mischiefs and the miseries which have been brought upon multitudes of our species by their means, by their wicked, perfidious, and barbarous practices, and by their procurement ; for were all these to be entered upon record (allowing me to use the same figure of speech which St. John has used before me), I suppose the world itself would not contain the books which might be written ; but this is beside my present purpose. What I observe is, that the introducing of wealth and power into Christian societies introduced with it a ministry which were directly and immediately *highly injurious* to the gospel of Christ and to the souls of men ; for as the clergy were set upon increasing their wealth and power at all hazards, so they, in order to answer those purposes, have introduced *such doctrines*, and such a multitude of *superstitious practices*, and assumed to themselves *such power*, as took away the persuasive influence of the gospel, and rendered it of none effect."

Annet, "Judging for Ourselves ; or, Free-thinking the great Duty of Religion," 1739, p. 8 :—

"If the *mysteries* of the *spiritual craftsmen* were exposed by reason, no man would buy their merchandise any more. Depend upon it, when you are hoodwinked with *mysteries supernatural*, there is *fraud* in the case ; 'tis but another word for it ; the meaning is the same. Whatever is imposed on men to believe, which will not bear the light of honest inquiry, is all craft and guile."

Ibid. p. 11 :—

"The *Buyers* and *Sellers*, the *Bigots* and *Priests*, will unite again : the trade is likely to continue to the end of the world ; for men being born ignorant, perverted by education, prepossessed with notions before they have sense or reason to judge of them, which some never have capacities to do, and others thro'

cowardice or idleness never make use of the capacities they have, there is no fear but the mystery-mongers will always find fools enough to buy their sophisticated wares."

Among many rude and some unjust things which disfigure the controversial writings of Warburton, there is one remark at least which most readers of the above extracts will allow to be, not, indeed, politely expressed, but most richly and thoroughly deserved; and that is the passage in his "Dedication to the Freethinkers" in which he describes their "scurrilities, those stink-pots of your offensive war."

If from the language of the freethinkers we turn to the matter of their teaching, we shall find something to remind us of some of the popular theories of the present day, and much more to warn us of the tendency of such theories when pursued to their natural results. The first step in the rationalism of that age was an attempt to eliminate from the doctrines of Christianity all that is above the comprehension of human reason: the second was an attempt to eliminate from the contents of Christianity all statements of facts which cannot be verified by each man's personal experience: the third was an attempt to get rid of Christianity altogether, as having no proper claim to respect or obedience. "No Dogmatic Christianity," may be taken as the watchword of the first stage; "No Historical Christianity," as that of the second; "No Christianity at all," as that of the third. The representative book of the first period was Toland's "Christianity not Mysterious;" of the second, Chubb's "True Gospel of Jesus Christ Asserted;" of the third, "Bolingbroke's Essays and Fragments." The first represents revealed religion as brought down to the level of philosophical speculation, and to be tried by philosophical tests: the second subjects it to the judgment of the rough common sense of the many: the third represents it as tried and condemned by the verdict of the scorner and the profligate.

Toland, the disciple of Locke, and himself, in his own estimation, a philosopher of no mean order,* found a criterion of reli-

* His estimate of his own merits may be judged from his epitaph, written by himself. Molyneux, no unfriendly witness, speaks of the "tincture of vanity" which appeared in the whole course of his conversation. Bishop Browne tells us that he "gave out he would be the head of a sect before he was thirty years of age."

gious truth in the principles, or what he supposed to be the principles, of his master. "The exact conformity of our ideas with their objects," was his ground of persuasion and measure of belief, the origin and nature of these ideas being explained according to the philosophy of Locke. Chubb, the journeyman glover, was the advocate of a gospel to be judged in all things by the uneducated intelligence of working men. With him, no "historical account of matters of fact" can be any part of the true gospel; for a gospel preached to the poor must be plain and intelligible, and level to the lowest understanding. Bolingbroke, the brilliant and profligate man of the world, attempted to exhibit religion in a form adapted to sinners of rank and fashion, imposing no unpleasant restraints on gentlemanly vices, by precepts to be observed in this life, or punishments to be dreaded in the next. Accordingly, the purport of his system, so far as so inconsistent a writer can be said to have a system at all, appears to be to deny the possibility of any revelation distinct from the law of nature, and to interpret the law of nature itself in the manner most favorable to the pursuit of pleasure. At the same time, combining the politician with the epicurean, he finds it convenient to recognize so much of religious obligation as may be necessary to serve as an instrument of civil government, and to act as a check on the more unruly vices of the lower orders.

The relation of Toland to Locke is a question of far more than mere historical interest. It is a question affecting the character of English theology during the greater part of the eighteenth century; it marks the point of departure at which the religious teaching of that century separates from that of the preceding age; it helps to explain the difference, which no student can fail to observe, between the one and the other; it suggests some useful considerations as to the best mode of meeting similar questions at other times. For though we have spoken of the philosophy of Locke as furnishing the weapons employed alike by the deists and by their opponents, this remark is strictly applicable only to the later stages of the controversy. The earlier opponents of Toland, such as Stillingfleet, Norris, and Browne, were also direct antagonists of Locke, and combated the positions of his philosophy no less in themselves than in the conclusions which his disciple professed to

deduce from them. Afterwards, when the system of Locke became the reigning philosophy of the day, it numbered disciples among believers and unbelievers alike; and the later apologists were thereby enabled to contend with the freethinkers on their own ground and with their own weapons. In this, they did no more than justice to the personal piety and sincere Christian belief of Locke: they employed his philosophy for the purpose for which he would himself have wished it to be employed; and they adopted the most effectual means of obtaining an immediate triumph over their antagonists. But they broke off, perhaps unconsciously to themselves, from that grand old catholic theology which had been the glory of the English Church in the preceding centuries; and the point of their separation, apparently minute and indifferent in itself, was in fact the heaven which has leavened the whole course of English religious thought, for good or for evil, ever since.

Will our readers pardon the introduction of so much of metaphysics as may be necessary to explain this point? Small as the change may seem at the beginning, it is an instance of how great a matter a little fire kindleth. It relates to a question, one of the most important that man can ask,—that of the right use of reason in religious belief; and it is not wholly alien to some controversies which have been raised concerning the same question in our own day.

Locke wrote his great work without reference to theology, and probably without any distinct thought of its theological bearings. When challenged on account of the relation of his premises to Toland's conclusions, he expressly repudiated the connection, and declared his own sincere belief in those mysteries of the Christian faith which Toland had assailed. No one who knows anything of Locke's character will doubt for an instant the sincerity of this disclaimer; but our question does not relate to Locke's personal belief, but to the admissions which may be unconsciously involved in some of the positions of his philosophy, and which, perhaps, had they been foreseen, might have led to a modification of those positions themselves,—a modification, we may add, which might easily have been made without injury, or even with benefit, to the integrity of the work as a system.

"Simple ideas, derived from sensation or

reflection, are the foundation of all our knowledge." This is the assumption which is common to Locke with Toland, and is acknowledged to be so by Locke himself. Is this assumption true in itself, and has Locke so handled it as to warrant in any way the consequences which Toland deduced from it?

That we think by means of simple ideas, is true in the same sense in which it is true that we breathe by means of oxygen and azote. The simple ideas, though they are the elements of which thought is composed, are elements elicited only by an artificial analysis of objects which naturally present themselves in a compound state. "I see a horse," said Antisthenes to Plato; "but I do not see horseness." "True," replied Plato; "for you possess the eye of sense which sees the one, but not the eye of intellect which sees the other." In like manner, and with more reason, an adversary, judging with the eye of sense alone, might urge against Locke, "I see a white horse, or a white sheet, or a white snowball; but whiteness, apart from the horse, or the sheet, or the snowball, I do not see." Whatever distinction may be made between our original and our acquired perceptions at a time before distinct consciousness begins, at the later stage, when sight has become a recognized fact of consciousness, and we are able to give an account of what we see, the objects presented to it are presented as complex ideas, not as simple ones. We do not see color alone, but color in connection with a certain extension and a certain shape, and generally with certain other accompaniments. When Locke asserted that complex ideas are made by the mind out of simple ones, and that knowledge is the perception of the agreement or disagreement of two ideas, he overlooked the fact that the most important of our sensitive perceptions consist of a plurality of ideas given in conjunction; and that the act of the mind is more often an analysis by which simple ideas are elicited from the compound, than a synthesis by which complex ideas are formed out of simple ones.

But this admission involves a further consequence. If our intuitive and spontaneous judgments are not formed by the mind out of previously existing simple ideas, but are given already formed out of ideas in combination, it follows that our natural apprehension of a thing or object is not merely that

of an aggregate of ideas, but of ideas in a particular combination with and relation to each other. And hence the logical conception of an object, as based on and reflecting the character of this intuitive apprehension, implies not merely the enumeration of certain ideas as constituents of the object, but likewise the apprehension of their coexistence in a particular manner as parts of a connected whole. To conceive an object as a whole, we must know something more than that its definition may be expressed by certain words, each of which is separately intelligible and represents a known idea; we must also be able to combine those ideas into a unity of representation; we must apprehend, not merely each idea separately, but also the manner in which they may possibly exist in combination with each other.

For example: I can define a triangle as a rectilinear figure of three sides. But I can also, as far as a mere enumeration of ideas is concerned, speak of a rectilinear figure of two sides, and call it by the name of a *biangle*. Now what is the reason that the one object is conceivable and the other inconceivable? It is not that the separate ideas in the one definition are less intelligible than in the other; for the idea of two is by itself quite as intelligible as that of three. It is because in the one case we are able, and in the other case unable, to represent to ourselves the several ideas as coexisting in that particular manner which we know to be necessary to constitute a figure. So, again, I may speak of a being who sees without eyes and hears without ears; and the language in each of its separate terms is quite as intelligible as when I use the word *with* instead of *without*: yet the nature of such seeing and hearing is to me inconceivable, because the manner in which it takes place cannot be apprehended by me as resembling any manner of seeing or hearing with which I can be acquainted by my own experience. And as it is in the simplest instances of conception, so it is in those more complicated instances in which we explain a number of phenomena by reference to a general law. When, for example, we refer the motions of the planets to the law of gravitation, we do not thereby determine what gravitation is, and how it acts upon bodies; we only represent to ourselves the motion as taking place in a certain known manner,—as being of the same kind as that

with which we are already familiar in the fall of the apple from the tree:—

“That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.”

Now the defect of Locke's philosophy in this respect is, that, by representing a complex idea merely as an accumulation of simple ones, and not as an organized whole composed in a certain manner, he leaves no room for a distinction between those groups of ideas whose mode of combination is conceivable or explicable from their likeness to other instances, and those which are inconceivable or inexplicable, as being unlike anything which our experience can present to us. Hence there is no room for a further distinction between the *inconceivable* or *mysterious*, and the *absurd* or *self-contradictory*; between ideas which may be supposed to coexist in some manner unknown to us, and those which cannot coexist, as mutually destroying each other,—in brief, between those complex ideas of which we cannot conceive how they are possible, and those of which we can conceive how they are not possible. Regarded merely as heaps of ideas in juxtaposition, any combination is possible of which the parts do not destroy each other; but, within these limits of possibility, there may be some combinations of which the mode is conceivable, as resembling others; and there may be some of which we can only say that they may possibly coexist in some manner unknown to us.

This defect is most apparent when the method of Locke comes to be applied to invisible things,—to mental philosophy in the first instance, and through that to theology. The idea of an immaterial spirit, he tells us, is gained by “putting together the ideas of thinking and willing, or the power of moving or quieting corporeal motion, joined to substance of which we have no distinct idea,” just as the idea of matter is gained by “putting together the ideas of coherent solid parts, and a power of being moved, joined with substance, of which likewise we have no positive idea”*. In thus appealing to our obscure apprehension of material substance, by way of illustrating that of spiritual substance, Locke realized the remark of his great rival Leibnitz,—“Les hommes cherchent ce qu'ils savent, et ne savent pas ce qu'ils cherchent.”

“Essay,” ii. 23, 15.

He wandered into the region of existence in general, in search of the abstract and remote conception of a *spirit*, when the witness of his own consciousness was close at hand to supply him with the concrete and immediate conception of a *person*. Our consciousness presents to us, not merely the ideas of thinking, willing, and the like, but also the combination of these several mental states into one whole, as attributes of one and the same personal self. I am conscious, not of thinking merely, but of myself as thinking; not of perceiving merely, but of myself as perceiving; not of willing merely, but of myself as willing. And in this apprehension of myself as a conscious agent, is presented directly and intuitively that original idea of substance, which, had it not been given in some one act of consciousness, could never have been invented in relation to others.

In neglecting the conception of a Person, whose unity is given, to seek for that of a Spirit, whose unity has to be invented as a "supposed I know not what," Locke adopted the chief error of the scholastic psychology, and transmitted it, modified after his own manner, to his successors. The same conception of the soul, not as a power manifested in consciousness, but as a substance assumed out of it, accounts for nearly all the deficiencies which critics have noticed in Butler's "Argument on a Future State;"* and, long before Locke's time, the bewildered student, in old Marston's play, owed to the same mode of investigation most of the perplexities of which he so humorously complains.†

* In justice to Butler, however, it should be observed that the defects in his argument arise from restrictions necessarily imposed upon him by the purpose of his work. The human consciousness is a thing *sui generis*, and therefore the positive evidence which it furnishes in behalf of the immortality of the soul has nothing to do with analogy. Arguments derived from a comparison of the soul with other objects must for the most part be, as Butler's are, of a merely negative character.

† "I was a scholar: seven useful springs
Did I delver in quotations
Of crossed opinions 'bout the soul of man;
The more I learnt, the more I learned to doubt.
Delight, my spaniel, slept, whilst I boused leaves,
Tossed o'er the dunes, pored on the old print
Of titled words; and still my spaniel slept.
And still I held converse with Zabarell,
Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty saw
Of antick Donate; still my spaniel slept.
Still on went I; first, *an sit anima*;
Then, an 'twere mortal. Oh, hold, hold! at
that
They're at brain buffets, fell by the ears amain

The false method thus applied to the apprehension of the nature of finite spirits was carried on by a natural transition into the domain of theology; and it is here that we find the connecting link which unites Locke's teaching, in effect if not in intention, with that of Toland:—

"It is infinity," says Locke, "which, joined to our ideas of existence, power, knowledge, etc., makes that complex idea whereby we represent to ourselves, the best we can, the Supreme Being. For though in his own essence (which certainly we do not know, not knowing the real essence of a pebble, or a fly, or of our own selves) God be simple and uncompounded, yet I think I may say we have no other idea of him but a complex one of existence, knowledge, power, happiness, etc., infinite and eternal, which are all distinct ideas, and some of them, being relative, are again compounded of others; all which being, as has been shown, originally got from sensation and reflection, go to make up the idea or notion we have of God."*

The argument thus left Locke's hands in the form, "We know not the real essence of God, as we know not the real essence of a pebble or a fly." In the hands of Toland, by a slight transformation, it comes out with a positive side. We understand the attributes (or nominal essence) of God as clearly as we do those of all things else; and, therefore, "the Divine Being himself cannot with more reason be accounted mysterious in this respect than the most contemptible of his creatures."†

How completely this assertion reversed the catholic teaching of the church in all ages might be shown by a series of quotations from theologians of various ages and languages, from the second century to the seventeenth. One such only our limits will allow us to give, from the writings of a great

Pell-mell together; still my spaniel slept.
Then, whether 'twere corporeal, local, fixt,
Ex traduce; but whether 't had free will
Or no, hot philosophers
Stood banding factions, all so strongly propt,
I staggered, knew not which was firmer part;
But thought, quoted, read, observed, and pryed,
Stuffed noting-books; and still my spaniel slept.
At length he waked and yawned; and by yon
sky,
For aught I know, he knew as much as I."

—*What you Will*, Act. ii. Sc. 1.

* "Essay," ii. 23, 35.

† "Christianity not Mysterious" (1696), pp. 88, 89.

English divine of the latter century; and we select it from many others because its language, from the similarity of subject, is peculiarly adapted to show the contrast to which we refer; and because it also by anticipation exactly points out the error which Locke planted and Toland watered. In a sermon on the text, "Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness," Bishop Sanderson says,—

"Herein especially it is that this mystery doth so far transcend all other mysteries. Μέγα ὑμολογουμένως μίγα: a great, marvellous great mystery. In the search whereof, reason, finding itself at a loss, is forced to give it over in the plain field, and to cry out, *O altitudo!* as being unable to reach the unfathomed depth thereof. We believe and know, and that with fullness of assurance, that all these things are so as they are revealed in the Holy Scriptures, because the mouth of God, who is truth itself, and cannot lie, hath spoken them; and our own reason upon this ground teacheth us to submit ourselves and it to the *obedience of faith*, for the *τὸ ὄν*, that so it is. But then for the *τὸ πῶς*, Nicodemus his question, *How can these things be?* it is no more possible for our weak understandings to comprehend that than it is for the eyes of bats or owls to look steadfastly upon the body of the sun, when he shineth forth in his greatest strength. The very angels, those holy and heavenly spirits, have a desire, saith St. Peter,—it is but a desire, not any perfect ability, and that but *παράκειμαι* neither,—to peep a little into those incomprehensible mysteries, and then cover their faces with their wings, and peep again, and cover again, as being not able to endure the fullness of that glorious lustre that shineth therein."*

Sanderson's distinction between the *τὸ ὄν* that it is, and the *τὸ πῶς* how it is, indicates the exact point which Locke overlooked, and which Toland denied. When the older theologians declared the essence of God to be mysterious and incomprehensible, they were not thinking of Locke's Real Essence, of which they knew nothing, but of that logical essence which is comprised in attributes, and can be expressed in a definition, and which Locke calls the Nominal Essence. This is most distinctly stated in the language of Aquinas: "The name of God," he says, "does not express the divine essence as it is, as the name of man expresses in its signification the essence of man as it is,—that is to

* "Sanderson's Works," vol. i. p. 233.

say, by signifying the definition which declares the essence."* The ground of this distinction was the conviction that finite things cannot indicate the nature of the infinite God otherwise than by imperfect analogies. "The attributes of God," it was argued, "must be represented to our minds, so far as they can be represented at all, under the similitude of the corresponding attributes of man. Yet we cannot conceive them as existing in God in the same manner as they exist in man. In man they are many; in God they must be one. In man they are related to and limit each other; in God there can be no relation and no limitation. In man they exist only as capacities at times carried into action; in God, who is *purus actus*, there can be no distinction between faculty and operation. Hence the divine attributes may properly be called mysterious; for, though we believe in their co-existence, we are unable to conceive the manner of their co-existence."

When we examine the controversy between Locke and Stillingfleet, and observe the frequent complaints of the latter against "the new way of ideas," we see that Stillingfleet's theological learning had enabled him to discover the true source of Locke's error, though his inferiority to his adversary in philosophical acumen and controversial dexterity prevented him from making sufficient use of his discovery. A very few years afterwards, Locke's great philosophical rival, Leibnitz, in an argument directed, not against the intellectual dogmatism of Toland, but against the intellectual scepticism of Bayle, points out the just medium between the two, in language exactly coinciding with that already quoted from Sanderson:—

"Il en est de même des autres mystères, où les esprits modérés trouveront toujours une explication suffisante pour croire, et jamais autant qu'il en faut pour comprendre. Il nous suffit d'un certain *ce que c'est* (*τὸ ὄν*) mais le *comment* (*πῶς*) nous passe, et ne nous est point nécessaire."†

The attitude, if not of antagonism, at least of indifference, to dogmatic theology, which was thus assumed indirectly, and perhaps unconsciously, in the philosophical position of Locke's Essay, appears more plainly

* "Summa," Pars i. Qu. xiii. Art. I.

† "Theodicee, Discours de la Conformité de la Foi avec la Raison," § 56.

and directly in the latitudinarian terms of Church Communion advocated in his "Reasonableness of Christianity." In this work, written, it is said, to promote the design entertained by William III. of a comprehension with the Dissenters, and published in 1695, the year before Toland's book, Locke contended that the only necessary article of Christian belief is comprised in the acknowledgment that Jesus is the Messiah; that all that is required beyond this consists entirely of practical duties, of repentance for sin, and obedience to the moral precepts of the gospel. On these practical duties of Christianity, and on the new authority given by it to the truths of natural religion, Locke dwells earnestly and at length; but all points of doctrine, all distinctions between sound and unsound belief are, with the exception of his one fundamental article, either passed over without notice or expressly declared to be unessential. The teaching of the Epistles is separated from that of the Gospels. "It is not in the Epistles," he says, "that we are to learn what are the fundamental articles of faith;" and again, "There be many truths in the Bible which a good Christian may be wholly ignorant of, and so not believe; which, perhaps, some lay great stress on and call fundamental articles, because they are the distinguishing points of their communion." And two years later, in his "Second Vindication of the Reasonableness of Christianity," Locke retorts the accusations of his antagonist Edwards, in a manner which virtually concedes the entire position contended for by Toland. "It is ridiculous," he says, "to urge that anything is necessary to be explicitly believed to make a man a Christian, because it is writ in the Epistles and in the Bible, unless he confess that there is no mystery, nothing not plain or intelligible to vulgar understandings in the Epistles or in the Bible." The reasoning by which he supports this assertion is identical in substance with that which had just before been advanced by Toland; namely, that a proposition, to be believed, must be expressed in intelligible terms; and that if the terms are intelligible, the thing signified cannot be mysterious. In this case, however, it is possible that Locke may have been driven beyond his deliberate judgment by the heat of controversy which offered many temptations to retaliation.

If we have dwelt somewhat at length on a dry and abstruse subject, we trust that its importance may be accepted as an excuse. The philosophy of Locke constitutes the diverging point at which the religious thought of the eighteenth century separates itself from that of the preceding ages; and to examine that thought at its source and in its purest condition is necessary, not only to a just judgment of the past, but to a right conduct as regards the present. The experiment of the last century is being repeated in our own day, upon the foundations of our own belief. We have a like independence of authority, a like distrust of, if not disbelief in, the supernatural, a like appeal to reason and free thought, a like hostility to definite creeds and formularies, a like desire to attain to practical comprehensiveness by the sacrifice of doctrinal distinctions. In the spirit, and almost in the language, of Locke, we are told by distinguished writers of our own day, that in the early church no subscription was required beyond "a profession of service under a new Master, and of entrance into a new life;" and again that, in points of doctrine, to regard the teaching of the Epistles as an essential part of Christian doctrine, is to "rank the authority of the words of Christ below that of apostles and evangelists;" and in so doing "to give up the best hope of reuniting Christendom in itself and of making Christianity a universal religion." Under these circumstances, it is no mere question of literary curiosity, but one of practical and vital interest, to ask what was the effect of Locke's influence on the generation which succeeded him, and how far the benefits arising from it were such as to warrant us in looking hopefully on a repetition of the same attempt.

The tendency, if not the actual result, of Locke's philosophy, as applied to religious belief, pointed, as we have seen, in two directions: first, to a distrust of, if not to an actual disbelief in, the mysterious and incomprehensible as a part of religious belief; secondly, to a depreciation of distinctive doctrines in general, as at least unessential, and to a dislike of them, as impediments to comprehensive communion. Both these tendencies found their gradual development in the religious thought of the succeeding generation. The open denial of mysteries, commenced by Toland, was carried on in a coarser

strain by Collins, the personal friend and warm admirer of Locke, but a man of a very different spirit. From the mysterious in doctrines the assault was extended to the supernatural in facts, in the attacks of Collins on the Prophecies, and of Woolston on the Miracles. And, finally, when the supernatural had thus been entirely eradicated from Christian belief, the authority of the teachers naturally fell with the evidences of their divine mission; and Christianity, in the hands of Tindal and Morgan, appears simply as a scheme of natural religion, to be accepted, so far as it is accepted at all, solely on the ground of its agreement with the conclusions of human reason, but having no special doctrines of its own, distinct from those discoverable by the light of nature, and no special authority of its own, as a ground on which it can lay claim to belief.

Collins's earliest theological work, "An Essay concerning the Use of Reason in Propositions the Evidence whereof depends upon Human Testimony" (1701), reads almost as if it were intended as a second part to Toland's unfinished "Christianity not Mysteries," though the name of Toland is not mentioned in the book. Like Toland, Collins follows Locke, in making all knowledge to consist in a perception of the agreement or disagreement of two ideas; and like Toland, he differs from Locke, in making such perception the sole condition of all assent, whether in matters of science, or of opinion, or of faith. Where this perception does not exist, he regards the mind as absolutely inert and void. "That which falls not within the compass of our ideas," he says, "is nothing to us." Like Toland, also, Collins refers the belief in religious mysteries to the craft of the clergy; and as if to leave no doubt of the application of his theory, he selects, as a special instance for animadversion, Bishop Gastrell's "Considerations on the Trinity." Finally, as if to mark the work still more clearly as a sequel to Toland, Collins concludes his essay with an attempt to carry out Toland's unfulfilled promise of "solving very easily" the difficulties connected with the idea of eternity; though his solution, in fact, consists in little more than a simple denial that such difficulties exist.

The once-celebrated "Discourse of Freethinking," by the same author, is principally taken up with abuse of priests, and praise of

freethinkers; but these congenial topics are now and then agreeably diversified by an oblique sneer at the mysteries of the Christian faith. Thus he tells us, "The Bonzes of China have books written by the disciples of Fo-he, whom they call the god and saviour of the world, who was born to teach the way of salvation, and to give satisfaction for all men's sins. The Talapouns of Siam have a book of scripture, written by Sommonocodom, who, the Siamese say, was born of a virgin, and was the god expected by the universe." Of such scarcely disguised blasphemy as this, the most candid critic can hardly pronounce any other judgment than is given in a paper in the "Guardian," attributed, with some probability, to the gentle Bishop Berkeley:—

"I cannot see any possible interpretation to give this work, but a design to subvert and ridicule the authority of Scripture. The peace and tranquillity of the nation, and regards even above these, are so much concerned in this matter that it is difficult to express sufficient sorrow for the offender, or indignation against him. But if ever man deserved to be denied the common benefits of air and water, it is the author of a Discourse of Freethinking."*

Eleven years later, when the controversy had extended itself from the doctrines to the evidences of Christianity, a third work of Collins, the "Discourse of the Grounds and Reasons of the Christian Religion," and its sequel, the "Scheme of Literal Prophecy considered," attempted, under show of an interpretation of the Old Testament Prophecies, to undermine the foundations of Christianity by a method of insinuation similar to that

* A different judgment has been given by a recent critic in the case of *Bentley against Collins*. "The dirt endeavored to be thrown on Collins," says Mr. Pattison, "will cleave to the hand that throws it." We doubt whether any amount of dirt could be thrown which would not amalgamate sympathetically with the ingredients of Collins's own book. The "Discourse of Freethinking" is one of those works which cannot be judged of by extracts: it must be read as a whole, and estimated according to the impression produced by its general tone and *animus*. Our own impression is that a more dishonest or a more scurrilous publication has seldom issued from the press. Mr. Pattison censures Bentley for treating Collins as "an atheist fighting under the disguise of a deist." If we may trust an anecdote recorded, on the authority of Bishop Berkeley, in Chandler's "Life of Samuel Johnson, D. D.," p. 57, Bentley may have had some reason for suspecting that this was really the case.

which the author had previously employed against its distinctive doctrines. The whole proof of Christianity, Collins maintained, rests upon the Prophecies. If this proof is valid, Christianity is established; if it is invalid, Christianity has no just foundation, and is therefore false. He does not openly deny that the Prophecies have any reference to Christ, but asserts that they can only be so referred in a mystical and allegorical sense, which is not their literal and proper meaning, nor that in which they were originally understood by the Jews, among whom, as he asserts, the expectation of a Messiah did not arise till a short time before the coming of Christ. "His inference," says Mr. Farrar, "is stated as an argument in favor of the figurative or mystical interpretation of Scripture; but we can hardly doubt that his real object was an ironical one, to exhibit Christianity as resting on apostolic misinterpretations of Jewish prophecy, and thus to create the impression that it was a mere Jewish sect of men deceived by fanciful interpretations."*

In the argument of Collins, it is easy to trace the influence of Locke's "Reasonableness of Christianity," and to see how the position originally advanced in support of latitudinarianism has degenerated, in the hands of a less scrupulous disciple, into a weapon for the service of unbelief. Collins, indeed, avowedly commences his argument from Locke's thesis. "The grand and fundamental article of Christianity," he says, "was that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah of the Jews, predicted in the Old Testa-

ment; and how could that appear, and be proved, but from the Old Testament?"* But if his premise is an echo of Locke, his conclusion reads like an anticipation of one of the writers in "Essays and Reviews." The interpretation of prophecy which Dr. Williams, with the aid of Bunsen, has rendered familiar to English readers of the present day, Collins, with the aid of Surenhusius, rendered almost equally familiar to English readers of nearly a century and a half ago. If the former writer says of the early fathers, that, "when, instead of using the letter as an instrument of the spirit, they began to accept the letter in all its parts as their law, and twisted it into harmony with the details of Gospel history, they fell into inextricable contradictions;"† the latter undertakes, with still more confidence, to assure us that "the Prophecies cited from the Old Testament by the authors of the New do so plainly relate, in their obvious and primary sense, to other matters than those which they are produced to prove, that to pretend they prove, in that sense, what they are produced to prove, is to give up the cause of Christianity to Jews and other enemies thereof, who can so easily show, in so many undoubted instances, the Old and New Testament to have no manner of connection in that respect, but to be in an irreconcilable state."‡ If the former enumerates among the merits of his guide, philosopher, and friend, that "he can never listen to any one who pretends that the Maiden's Child of Isaiah vii. 16 was not to be born in the reign of Ahaz;"§ the latter is equally sure that "the words as they stand in Isaiah, from whom they are supposed to be taken, do, in their obvious and literal sense, relate to a young woman in the reign of Ahaz, King of Judah."|| If the former states it as "beyond fair doubt" that Daniel's "period of weeks ended in the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes,"¶ the latter assures us that "Dodwel, in a posthumous work, does (with the learned Sir John Marsham) refer even the famous prophecy in Daniel about the weeks to the times of Antiochus Epiphanes."** If

* "Bampton Lectures," p. 190. A censure of this kind from Mr. Farrar has more significance than from most theological writers. His lectures exhibit in a remarkable manner how a firm and unhesitating belief on the part of the author in the great truths of the Christian faith may be combined with a spirit of the utmost gentleness and tenderness toward those whose religious errors he is compelled to notice and to deplore. Where Mr. Farrar censures, the reader may be sure that the censure is well deserved, and has been pronounced, after every allowance which the most liberal and kindly criticism can make, consistently with the interests of truth. We regret that the plan of our article will not permit us to notice these lectures as fully as they deserve. They contain a fund of learning and valuable information on one of the most important departments of church history, and afford a striking proof that a candid and honest study, in a religious spirit, of the history of free thought, is one of the best antidotes against freethinking.

* "Grounds and Reasons of the Christian Religion," p. 12.

† "Essays and Reviews," p. 64 (2d edition).

‡ "Grounds and Reasons," etc., p. 48.

§ "Essays and Reviews," p. 69.

|| "Grounds and Reasons," p. 41.

¶ "Essays and Reviews," p. 69.

** "Grounds and Reasons," p. 49.

the former insists on the necessity of "distinguishing the man Daniel from our book of Daniel,"* the latter is equally convinced that "the famous Daniel mentioned by Ezekiel could not be the author of the book of Daniel."† If the former cannot shut his eyes to the fact that the Deliverer predicted by Micah as coming from Bethlehem "was to be a contemporary shield against the Assyrian,"‡ the latter quotes the same prophecy with a similar remark, "which words are so plain as not to need the least comment to show them to be inapplicable to the peaceable times and to the person of Jesus."§ If the former says of Baron Bunsen's arguments for applying Isaiah lii. and liii. to Jeremiah, "their weight in the master's hand is so great that if any single person should be selected, they prove Jeremiah should be the one,"|| the latter with a like hesitating adhesion says, "Part of the words of the text are literally applicable to Jeremiah, to whom Grotius applies the whole prophecy."¶ An argument is not necessarily the worse for being old; but at any rate, it is well that readers should know that a good deal of what is paraded as a demonstration of modern German erudition is in substance a *rechauffé* of the forgotten criticisms of one of our old English deists.

The method applied by Collins to the Prophecies of the Old Testament was carried on, with a still thinner disguise, by Woolston in relation to the miracles of the New. Like his predecessor, he writes as a nominal Christian, and professes only to destroy the literal interpretation of the Gospel narrative, that he may establish Christianity more securely on a spiritual interpretation. But the coarse and ribald blasphemy of the work betrays at almost every page the unbeliever and seornor. In this respect, Woolston's work marks a new phase in the literature of deism,—a phase represented subsequently by Bolingbroke in England, and by the general tone of French infidelity in the latter part of the century. The earlier deists carried on their attack under the cover of a reverence for primitive Christianity, and con-

finied their personal scurrilities to the clergy, whom they professed to regard as corrupters of the faith. The ribaldry of Woolston was openly directed against the person and works of the Saviour himself, as depicted in the Gospels. Though differing in its tone and in its positive object, the work on its negative or destructive side pursues a method identical with that carried out in the present century in the more elaborate criticism of Strauss, the aim of both assailants being to discover or invent improbabilities and discrepancies in the Scripture narrative, which may hinder its reception as a true history.

The above-named writers labored chiefly in a negative direction, striving to set aside the distinctive or specially revealed doctrines of Christianity, in themselves, or in the evidences on which they rest. Having done its utmost in this respect, it was natural that the same effort should be continued in a positive direction, by an attempt to sum up the results of the destructive criticism, and to exhibit the residuum that was left to constitute the actual contents of Christianity as an undogmatic religion. This was accordingly done in the works which form the two next steps in the progress of deism,—Tindal's "Christianity as old as the Creation," and Morgan's "Moral Philosopher."

Tindal, who assumed to himself the title of a *Christian Deist*, was a man whose life, if we may trust contemporary testimony, was equally a scandal to Christianity and to any respectable form of deism.* He had previously distinguished himself as the author of the "Rights of the Christian Church asserted." The ostensible purpose of this work was to prove that there is no such thing as a spiritual power distinct from the temporal, and that the Church is nothing but the crea-

* The most definite statements on this point are to be found in a pamphlet published in 1735, entitled, "The Religious, Rational, and Moral Conduct of Matthew Tindal, LL. D., late Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, by a Member of the same College." The pamphlet is too scurrilous to be received as unexceptionable evidence; though the author mentions some facts, such as the public reprimand of Tindal by the authorities of his college, which even a libeller would hardly have ventured to invent. But other witnesses corroborate the testimony. Swift, in 1708, in his remarks on Tindal's "Rights of the Christian Church," speaks of his antagonist as "one wholly prostitute in life and principles;" and Skelton, in the eighth Dialogue of his "Deism Revealed" (1749), speaks to the same effect.

* "Essays and Reviews," p. 76.

† "Scheme of Literal Prophecy considered," p. 149.

‡ "Essays and Reviews," p. 68.

§ "Scheme," etc., p. 201.

|| "Essays and Reviews," p. 73.

¶ "Scheme," etc., p. 220.

ture of the State; its actual purpose was to serve as the vehicle for a torrent of invective against the clergy, of which some specimens have been already quoted. Tindal's later and more famous work, "Christianity as old as the Creation," is remarkable, not merely on its own account, but also as having been probably the work which, more than any other of that day, gave rise to the "Analogy" of Bishop Butler. No two works could be more opposed to each other, in their method as well as in their results. While Butler reasons inductively, endeavoring to illustrate the course of God's Providence in spiritual things from the actual features of the same Providence as manifested in temporal things, Tindal "nobly takes the high *priori* road," commencing with a conception of the divine nature and attributes, and endeavoring to deduce from that conception what the course of God's Providence ought to be, and therefore what it actually is. "No religion," he argues, "can come from a being of infinite wisdom and perfection but what is absolutely perfect. A religion absolutely perfect can admit of no alteration, and can be capable of no addition or diminution. If God has given mankind such a law, he must likewise have given them sufficient means of knowing it; he would otherwise have defeated his own intent in giving it, since a law, as far as it is unintelligible, ceases to be a law."* Natural religion being thus absolutely perfect, revealed religion, according to Tindal, cannot differ from natural in any portion of its contents, but only in the manner of its being communicated; and therefore Christianity can be nothing more than a republication of the law of nature.

The contents of this law of nature may be briefly summed up in the precept, "Act according to your nature." "Whoever," says Tindal, "so regulates his natural appetites as will conduce most to the exercise of his reason, the health of his body, and the pleasure of his senses, taken and considered together (since herein his happiness consists), may be certain he can never offend his Maker, who, as he governs all things according to their natures, can't but expect his rational creatures should act according to their natures."† All positive precepts, distinct from this injunction to follow nature, Tindal regards as merely arbitrary, "as not founded

on the nature and reason of things, but depending on mere will and pleasure."*

Tindal did not live to publish the second part of his work, which was intended to show that all the truths of Christianity were nothing more than a republication of this law of nature, though his sneers at Christian doctrines, under the pretence of exposing heathen errors, sufficiently indicate the spirit in which his task would have been executed.‡ The unfinished design was in some degree carried out by his successor Morgan, in the "Moral Philosopher." This writer, who, like Tindal, styles himself a *Christian Deist*, adopts Tindal's principle of the absolute perfection of natural religion, though he admits the need of a republication of it. The question, however, whether Christianity can be regarded as such a republication, is answered by simply excluding from Christianity all that is usually believed to be included in it. Both the Jewish religion, as contained in the Old Testament, and the Christian, as contained in the New, are tried by the criterion of the moral sense and rejected. His system, as Lechler has remarked, has more resemblance to Gnosticism than to Christianity. He regards Judaism and true Christianity as irreconcilably opposed to each other; and maintains that the first disciples corrupted and interpolated the books of the New Testament, in order to give Christianity a leaning towards Judaism.‡ The acknowledgment of Jesus as the Messiah, which Locke had declared to be the one fundamental article of the Christian faith, is regarded by Morgan as a Jewish gospel, and the Christianity based upon it as "nothing else but a political faction among the Jews, some of them receiving Jesus as the Messiah, and others rejecting him under that character."§ In this perverse reasoning we may recognize at least the important admission, that the so-called Christianity of Deism is not the Christianity of the New Testament.

The greater part, however, of Morgan's work consists of a bitter onslaught on the Jewish religion, which he describes as "a wretched scheme of superstition, blindness, and slavery, contrary to all reason and common sense, set up under the specious

† See "Christianity as old as the Creation," p. 114.

* Ibid. especially p. 87. seqq.

‡ "Moral Philosopher," vol. i. pp. 440, 441.

§ Ibid. vol. i. p. 354.

* See "Christianity as old as the Creation," p. 3.

† Ibid. p. 17.

popular pretence of a divine institution and revelation from God." * And in his work, as in that of Collins, it is instructive to observe how many of the conclusions which are now put forward as the discoveries of the criticism and learning of the present day, are the repetition of *a priori* guesses, flung out at random by an uncritical and by no means learned deist of the last century. In Morgan we find Abraham's great act of faith explained on the ground that these Hebrews always looked upon human sacrifices, from the very beginning, as the highest and most acceptable acts of devotion and religion; and that Abraham "had strongly wrought himself up into such a persuasion, that he concluded God in reality required it of him and expected it from him" †—much as, in a recent essay, we are told that "the fierce ritual of Syria, with the awe of a divine voice, bade Abraham slay his son." ‡ In Morgan we find the notable discovery that Samuel is the author, or at least the compiler, of the book of Genesis, §—a discovery which Bishop Colenso has revived in our own day, and extended to other portions of the Pentateuch. In Morgan we find the narrative of the Exodus criticised in the spirit of the same fastidious prelate, and the later Jewish history reconstructed from the depths of the writer's moral consciousness, in a manner worthy of the ingenious author of the "History of the Hebrew Monarchy." || In Morgan we find the special instances of Divine Providence in the same history explained away on the ground that

* "Moral Philosopher," vol. i. p. 71.

† Ibid. p. 132; iii. p. 96.

‡ "Essays and Reviews," p. 61.

§ "Moral Philosopher," vol. ii. p. 70.

|| For instance, he tells us that the rejection of Saul was owing to an intrigue of Samuel, in revenge for Saul's having deposed him from the high-priesthood; that the command to destroy the cattle of the Amalekites was a plot laid by the prophet, to make the army mutiny against the king; that the idolatry of Ahab was the result of a benevolent design to destroy the intolerance of the prophets, and to establish a religion more friendly and beneficent to mankind; that Jezebel slew the prophets with a view to establish liberty of conscience, as enjoined by the law of nature and nations. In his third volume, this historical criticism descends to libellous insinuations against those whom the Scriptures honor. He intimates that Abraham was ready to prostitute his wife, to secure a settlement in Egypt; that Joseph possibly "made up the matter" with Potiphar's wife; that Moses forged God's covenant with Abraham for political purposes; that Hannah committed adultery with one of the sons of Eli.

the Hebrew mind was accustomed to ascribe all remarkable events to the interposition of God,—an explanation recently revived by Dr. Williams in his sermons on "Rational Godliness." * In the same writer we find also a hint, developed by Strauss, that portions of the New Testament may be regarded as the mythical deposit of Jewish Messianic ideas; † and we find also the germ of that contrast between the Christianity of St. Paul and that of other apostles, which has been resuscitated in our own day as one of the products of the critical insight of the Tübingen school. ‡

The effect of such criticism as that of Tindal and Morgan was to eliminate from Christianity, not only all mystery and all distinctive doctrine, but even all connection with the person and earthly life of Christ. In strange contradiction to the creeds of the church, it was virtually maintained that the death, the resurrection, the ascension of Christ, are no portions of Christian belief; for if Christianity is but a republication of natural religion, and contains nothing which cannot be verified by each man's moral consciousness, it is evident that facts dependent upon testimony, no less than doctrines above reason, are excluded from its creed. And accordingly we find Morgan asserting that he "cannot receive any historical facts as infallibly true;" § and in the same spirit his contemporary Chubb more explicitly declares, "The gospel of Jesus Christ is not an *historical account of matters of fact*. As thus, Christ suffered, died, rose from the dead, ascended into heaven, etc. These are *historical facts*, the *credibility* of which arises from the strength of those evidences which are or can be offered in their favor; but then those facts are not the *gospel of Jesus Christ*, neither in whole nor in part." || The same position is maintained a few years later, in 1744, in the work entitled "The Resurrection of Jesus considered, by a Moral Philosopher,"—a work which was for some time attributed to Morgan, but which was really the production of Peter Annet. This writer follows Morgan and Chubb in the rejection of "Historical Christianity." "My aim," he says, "is to

* "Moral Philosopher," vol. i. p. 256; iii. p. 95. Cf. "Rational Godliness," p. 295.

† "Moral Philosopher," vol. i. p. 440.

‡ Ibid. p. 329, *seqq.*

§ Ibid. p. 411.

|| "True Gospel," p. 43.

convince the world that an historical faith is no part of true and pure religion, which is founded only on truth and purity; that it does not consist in the belief of any history, which, whether true or false, makes no man wiser nor better." * Annet's writings were collected and published in 1766, under the title of "A Collection of the Tracts of a certain Free Enquirer, noted by his Sufferings for his Opinions." On a separate title the author is designated as "P. A., Minister of the Gospel." The pamphlet called "Social Bliss considered," which forms part of this collection, is a sufficient proof that free inquiry, in the hands of this author, was as impatient of the restraints of morality and decency as of those of religion.

In Annet the deism of England had reached its lowest point. His work does not, like those of most of the earlier deists, profess a respect for Christianity as a whole, while attacking it in parts. It rather marks the commencement of a new phase in the progress of unbelief, which, having undermined the substance of the faith, finds it no longer necessary to profess allegiance to the shadow. "It indicates," as Mr. Farrar remarks, "the commencement of the open allegation of literary imposture as distinct from philosophical error, which subsequently marked the criticism of the French school of infidelity, and affected the English unbelievers of the latter half of the century."

The same spirit of revolt from all Christianity is also the predominant character, as far as so inconsistent a writer can be said to have a character at all, of the writings of Bolingbroke. Like his successor Gibbon, Bolingbroke generally makes his attack rather by way of sneer and insinuation than of direct accusation; he sometimes even condescends to speak respectfully and patronizingly of Christianity; but his real purpose is not the less discernible for being in some degree disguised. Bolingbroke's opinion of the divine authority of Christianity may be gathered from his sneering comparison between it and Platonism: † his estimate of one portion at least of the Christian Scriptures may be seen in his language concerning St. Paul, whom he describes as having "carried with him, from the pharisaical schools, a great profusion of words and of involved unconnected

discourse"—as being "often absurd, or profane, or trifling,"—as teaching things "repugnant to common sense and to all the ideas of God's moral perfections." * Bolingbroke distinguishes, indeed, as Morgan had done, between the teaching of St. Paul and that of the other apostles, but in a different manner and for a different purpose. According to Morgan, the Judaizing apostles corrupted the true gospel by their Messianic traditions; while St. Paul represents the Christian deist who preached it in its purity and universality. According to Bolingbroke, the gospel was intended by Christ for the Jews only; and St. Paul was the first who saw the necessity of extending it to the Gentiles, ‡ while he was at the same time the great corrupter of its original simplicity. The true gospel he describes in general terms, after Tindal, as a republication of the law of nature; while at the same time he does not hesitate to set aside its doctrines and precepts in detail, whenever they impose an inconvenient restraint on the inclinations of men. Polygamy he regards as a "reasonable indulgence to mankind," and its prohibition as "a prohibition of that which nature permits in the fullest manner." Monogamy is only reasonable when accompanied by an unlimited facility of divorce, without which it is an "absurd, unnatural, and cruel imposition." The precept of our Lord in this matter is spoken of as sanctioning "a new interpretation of the law, founded on a grammatical criticism;" and the Christian law of marriage as "a new jurisprudence, the child of usurpation, of ignorance, and bigotry." † Marriages within certain degrees of consanguinity and affinity (the degrees include even that of brother and sister) "are forbid by political institutions and for political reasons, but are left indifferent by the law of nature." § Future rewards and punishments, which he admits to be sanctions of the evangelical law, he maintains nevertheless to be a doctrine invented by men, and one which it is impossible to reconcile to the divine attributes. || Even the immortality of the soul, though not absolutely denied, is treated as being at best an invention of men, and of very doubtful truth. "It was originally an hypothesis;

* Works, pp. 326, 331.

† Ibid. vol. iv. pp. 305, 306.

‡ Ibid. vol. v. pp. 160-171.

§ Ibid. vol. v. p. 177.

|| Ibid. vol. v. pp. 512-516.

* "Resurrection of Jesus considered," p. 87.

† "Bolingbroke's Works," vol. iv. p. 341.

and it may, therefore, be a vulgar error. It was taken upon trust by the people who first adopted it, and made prevalent by art and industry among the vulgar, who never examine, till it came to be doubted, disputed, and denied by such as did examine. . . . It was communicated from Egypt, the mother of good policy as well as superstition, to Greece.”* Against the belief in particular providences, he urges that such providences are inconsistent with the government of the world by general laws; and he hints that this belief and that of the efficacy of prayer, are an invention of priestcraft. “To keep up a belief of particular providences,” he says, “serves to keep up a belief, not only of the efficacy of prayer and of the intercession of saints in heaven, as well as of the church on earth, but of the several rites of external devotion; and to keep up a belief that they are few, and that the providence of God, as it is exercised in this world, is therefore on the whole unjust, serves to keep up a belief of another world, wherein all that is amiss here shall be set right. The ministry of a clergy is thought necessary on both these accounts by all; and there are few who see how difficult it is to make the two doctrines, which these reverend persons maintain, appear in any tolerable manner consistent.”† On the whole, the tendency of Bolingbroke’s scheme, the close and the consummation of the freethinking of his age, is not unfairly exhibited in the summary of Leland. “Man, according to his account of him, is merely a superior animal, whose views are confined to this present life, and who has no reasonable prospect of existing in any other state. God has given him appetites and passions; these appetites lead him to pleasure, which is their only object. He has reason indeed; but this reason is only to enable him to provide and contrive what is most conducive to his happiness; that is, what will yield him a *continued permanent series of the most agreeable sensations or pleasures*, which is the definition of happiness. And if no regard be had to futurity, he must govern himself by what he thinks most conducive to his interest, or his pleasure, in his present circumstances. The constitution of his nature is his only guide: God has given him no other, and concerns himself no farther

about him, nor will ever call him to an account for his actions. In this constitution his flesh or body is his all: there is no distinct immaterial principle: nor has he any moral sense or feelings naturally implanted in his heart; and therefore to please the flesh, and pursue its interest, or gratify its appetites and inclinations, must be his principal end. Only he must take care so to gratify them as not to expose himself to the penalties of human laws, which are the only sanctions of the law of nature for particular persons.”*

Bolingbroke’s works may be regarded as the last utterance of the philosophical deism which attacked Christianity by appeals to reason and natural religion; and also as the partial commencement of a new phase of unbelief, which appealed to historical criticism, and the testimony in behalf of facts. In both characters, they produced but little effect; for the old deism was virtually refuted and worn out before their publication; and the new, in Bolingbroke’s hands, was too slight and trifling to attract serious attention. But in the former aspect, at the close of half a century of infidel speculations, these writings have a significance for us which they had not in their own day. They exhibit the natural result of a current of unbelief of English origin, which ran its course and did its work in its native soil once, and may, under similar influences, run a similar course once again. They exhibit the natural tendency of the combined influences of empiricism and latitudinarianism, of a philosophy impatient of the supernatural, and a polity hostile to creeds and articles and formularies of faith. They show how the cry for a reasonable belief and a comprehensive communion, set on foot, with the best intentions, by men of persuasive genius and amiable character and sincere Christian belief, became a weapon in the hands of coarse ignorance and elegant profligacy, to destroy, first the doctrines and facts of Christianity, and then its precepts and moral restraints.

The history of English deism, thus exhibited, is of itself sufficient to explain the fate which has attended the writings of its chief representatives. They were men pushed into adventitious celebrity for a time by the magnificence of their promises, and then consigned to deserved oblivion by the worthless-

* “Bolingbroke’s Works,” pp. 351, 352.

† Ibid. p. 419.

“* View of the Principal Deistical Writers,” vol. ii. p. 44, ed. 1798.

ness of their performances. They acquired a transitory reputation under the specious pretext of reforming and purifying Christianity; they sank to their proper level when it was discovered that the true result of their principles was not to reform, but to destroy. Such will ever be the fate of that spirit of minute cavil and negative inquiry which applies itself to overthrow the hope and the trust of ages, to substitute in its place, not a belief, but the criticism of a belief. Powerless alike as a source of good and as a defence against evil,—powerless alike to satisfy there ligions needs of the longing soul and to restrain the violence of unruly passions, it may stand for a while in the calm weather of a lethargic rationalism, “too proud to worship and too wise to feel;” but it falls prostrate as soon as the sense of spiritual want is awakened in the heart, and men begin to ask with trembling, “What must I do to be saved?”

We have described with some detail, as our main subject, the progress of the unbelief of the last century, as regards its direct antagonism to the doctrines of the church. But the parallel between that age and the present, and the lesson to be learned from that parallel, would be incomplete, did we not also bear in mind another feature of the movement, of which our limits will permit only a passing notice; namely, the indirect antagonism by which the same doctrines were assailed through the securities which constitute their external safeguards. The Church of England at that day, here again offering a remarkable parallel to her condition at the present time, had lost, by the secession of the Nonjurors, much of the zeal and learning, and yet more of the catholic spirit which still lingered round the close of the golden age of her theology; and the extravagance which disfigured this spirit in some of its later representatives fostered the reaction which political causes had introduced. And thus, side by side with the progress of freethinking within and without the church, there arose, as its natural accompaniment, a series of attempts to evade or abolish those subscriptions and declarations of belief, which, so long as they exist, constitute a distinct self-condemnation on the part of those who remain in the ministry of the church while rejecting her doctrines. These attempts may be regarded as commencing with the proposal of Tillotson, at the time of the com-

mission in 1689, to substitute, in the place of all former declarations and subscriptions required of the clergy, a mere promise to *submit* to the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the Church of England,—a proposal which strongly reminds us of that ingenious casuistry of the present day which maintains that a man may “allow,” as a law, articles which he would “be horror-struck” to have enacted. To this succeeded the pleas of Clarke and Sykes in behalf of Arian subscription, and Hoadly’s denial of all authority in the church to legislate or interpret in religious matters; while, about the same time, the *Independent Whig* propounded the notable discovery, which an Oxford professor has not been ashamed to revive in the present day, that subscription to definite statements of doctrine is a hindrance to the attainment of truth.* The movement reached its culmi-

*The *Independent Whig* was a periodical publication commenced in the year 1720, and principally devoted to the laudable purpose of abusing the clergy. Its authors were Thomas Gordon (the *Silenus* of the *Dunciad*), John Trenchard, and Anthony Collins. Its contents are characterized by Mr. Pattison—certainly not an unfavorable judge—as “dull and worthless trash.” Those who have read Professor Goldwin Smith’s “Plea for the Abolition of Tests in the University of Oxford,” may judge for themselves how far the learned professor’s argument and temper are anticipated in the following extract from this “dull and worthless trash:”—

“I think I may therefore safely affirm that whatever body or society of men are the most restrained by themselves or others from reasoning freely on every subject, and especially on the most important of all, are the least qualified to be the guides and directors of mankind. I will now examine how far this is the circumstance of the clergy in most countries. They are no sooner discharged from the nurse or the mother, but they are delivered over to spiritual pedagogues, who have seldom the capacity, and never the honesty, to venture at a *free thought* themselves, and must consequently be improper channels to convey any to their pupils. From hence they are sent to the universities (very commonly upon charity), where they are hamstrung and manœuvred with early oaths and subscriptions, and obliged to swear to notions before they know what they are. Their business afterwards is not to find out what is truth, but to defend the received system, and to maintain those doctrines which are to maintain them. Not only their present revenues and subsistence, but all their expectations are annexed to certain opinions, established for the most part by popes and synods in corrupt and ignorant ages, and even then often carried by faction and bribery, in concert with the designs and intrigues of statesmen, but become sanctified by time, and now to be received without inquiry. . . . As clergymen, so educated, cannot, for the reasons

nating point half a century later, in the "Confessional" of Archdeacon Blackburne, and the Feathers Tavern Petition. The language of Burke, when this last document was presented to the House of Commons in 1772, might almost have been uttered yesterday, so exactly does it describe the position of those who are now complaining of a similar grievance.

"These gentleman complain of hardships. No considerable number shows discontent; but, in order to give satisfaction to any number of respectable men, who come in so decent and constitutional a mode before us, let us examine a little what that hardship is. They want to be preferred clergymen in the Church of England as by law established; but their consciences will not suffer them to conform to the doctrines and practices of that church; that is, they want to be teachers in a church to which they do not belong; and it is an odd sort of hardship. They want to receive the emoluments appropriated for teaching one set of doctrines, whilst they are teaching another. . . . The matter does not concern toleration, but establishment; and it is not the rights of private conscience that are in question, but the propriety of the terms which are proposed by law as a title to public emoluments; so that the complaint is not that there is not toleration of diversity in opinion, but that diversity in opinion is not rewarded by bishoprics, rectories, and collegiate stalls."

In the present day, when the voice of religious doubt is again making itself heard in English literature and in English society, there are not wanting those who tell us that the best mode of dealing with such a state of things is to permit and encourage "free inquiry" among the ministers of the church; to abandon those obligations which record the existence of definite religious doctrines as essential parts of the Catholic faith and which bind the clergy to teach according to that faith; and to substitute in their place a sort of roving commission to a body of chartered libertines to seek for the truth as their consciences may dictate, unfettered by adhesion aforesaid, be fair and impartial judges themselves of what is truth, so their authority can give but little weight to such doctrines as they may think fit to teach to others. The first question asked of a suspected witness, in every court of judicature, is, whether he gets or loses by the success of the cause; and if either appears, he is constantly set aside, and not trusted with an oath."—*Independent Whig*, No. V., Feb. 17th, 1720; compare "*Plea for the Abolition of Tests*," p. 88. seqq.

to the foregone conclusions of a traditionary belief. As yet, this advice is presented to us for the most part in its fairest and most attractive aspect, advocated by accomplished and estimable men, adorned with all the glorious hues and brilliant polish with which genius and refinement can invest it, recommended by the charm of good purposes and pure intentions. We say for the most part; for there are not wanting, even at this moment, threatenings of a rougher treatment and a more hostile temper; and in one instance, at least, the claims of free inquiry have been advocated in a spirit of rudeness and bitterness toward the clergy in general, which is, perhaps, the nearest approach which the manners of the present day will permit toward the coarse invectives of a Tindal or a Collins. But whether the means be blandishment or bullying, promises or threats, the end proposed is the same,—that, namely, which in the last century was ushered in by Collins under the plausible name of Free-thinking; and which, now that that name has acquired a somewhat evil reputation, is offered to us, with a very slight change of style, under the imposing titles of "free handling in a becoming spirit," and "honest doubt," which has "more faith than half the creeds."

It is, unhappily, only too true that religious unbelief is widely prevalent at the present time; but it is neither so novel nor so significant a phase of religious thought as its apologists would have us believe. In much of what is now presented to us as the fruit of the superior knowledge and conscientiousness of the present day, we recognize an old acquaintance in a new dress: much of the teaching which boasts of its freedom from traditional methods of treatment is but the revival of an obsolete tradition, which became obsolete because it was worthless. The English deism of the last century, like the English gentleman of the same period, has made the grand tour of Europe, and come home with the fruits of its travels. It has reinforced the homely bluntness of its native temper by the aid of the metaphysical profundities and ponderous learning of Germany, and the superficial philosophy and refined sentimentalism of France. Yet under a good deal of foreign lacquer and veneer, we may still recognize some of our own cast-off goods returned upon our hands; and discover that

free thought, no less than orthodoxy, may have its foregone conclusions and its traditional methods of treatment.

We are now told that the right mode of dealing with this state of things is to endeavor to repeat under happier auspices the latitudinarian movement which marked the close of the seventeenth century; to throw away distinctive doctrines and exclusive formularies, and to welcome within the pale of the church the roving spirit of doubt, provided it retains a nominal allegiance to some kind of Christianity. If this be the true remedy, latitudinarianism is indeed like the spear of Achilles, which can heal the wounds it has itself inflicted. The history of English deism is the history of a latitudinarian movement which commenced under the recommendation of qualities not less estimable than those by which it attracts us now. If brilliant intellectual endowments, a high personal character, a conciliatory and amiable temper, are the chief qualifications needed in a teacher of the truth, there is no name among our English worthies which has a better claim to be selected as the representative of these qualities than that of John Locke. And the fruits of the system which Locke and his fellow-latitudinarians inaugurated, is to be found in the history of the greater part of the eighteenth century, the age of rational religion and undogmatic Christianity,—an age whose spirit, so far as it manifested itself in hostility to the church, may be seen in the writers whose works we have been reviewing, and whose spirit within the church may be described in the language of one who reviewed, nearly at the end of the century, some of the later phases of its influence.

"A just abhorrence," says Bishop Horsley, "of those virulent animosities which in all ages since external persecution ceased have prevailed among Christians, especially since the reformation, among Protestants of the different denominations, upon the pretence, at least, of certain differences of opinion in points of nice and doubtful disputation, hath introduced and given general currency to a maxim which seemed to promise peace and unity by dismissing the cause, or rather the pretence, of dissension; namely, that the laity, the more illiterate especially, have little concern with the mysteries of revealed religion, provided they be attentive to its duties. Whence it hath seemed a safe and certain conclusion, that it is more the office of a

Christian teacher to press the practice of religion upon the consciences of his hearers than to inculcate and assert its doctrines.

"Again, a dread of the pernicious tendency of some extravagant opinions, which persons, more to be esteemed for the warmth of their piety than the soundness of their judgment, have grafted, in modern times, upon the doctrine of Justification by Faith,—a dread of the pernicious tendency of these extravagant opinions, which seem to emancipate the believer from the authority of all moral law, hath given general credit to another maxim, which I never hear without extreme concern from the lips of a divine, either from the pulpit or in familiar conversation; namely, that practical religion and morality are one and the same thing; that moral duties constitute the whole, or by far the better part of practical Christianity.

"The rules delivered may be observed to vary according to the temperament of the teacher. But the system chiefly in request with those who seem the most in earnest in this strain of preaching, is the strict, but impracticable, unsocial, sullen moral of the Stoics. Thus, under the influence of these two pernicious maxims, it often happens that we lose sight of that which is our proper office, to publish the Word of Reconciliation, to propound the terms of peace and pardon to the penitent; and we make no other use of the high commission we bear than to come abroad one day of the seven, dressed in solemn looks and in the external garb of holiness, to be the apes of Epictetus."*

The church of that day, as has been truly observed by a recent writer, became practically if not openly Unitarian; because, in the religion then taught under the name of Christianity, there was no proper need for a Trinity; because the belief in the Trinity, dissociated from the related doctrines of the guilt of sin, atonement by the blood of Christ, and regeneration by the Holy Ghost, necessarily lost its importance, and hung round the faith of the age as an encumbrance and a superfluity.† To such a state we may expect to see the Church of England again reduced, if she consent to listen again to the voice of the charmer, to be allured again by the promise of peace and unity, and to abandon the reaction, which the present century has happily witnessed, towards the Catholic teaching of her earlier and better days. The

* "Charge to the Clergy of the Diocese of St. David's, 1790," pp. 5-8.

† See Dr. Fairbairn's Appendix to the English Translation of "Dorner on the Person of Christ," p. 405.

history of the last century, the least Catholic period of English theology, lies before us for our example or our warning. If the philosophy of that century is a model of elevated and comprehensive thought, if its theology is a model of pure and devout belief, if its practical religion is a model of all that is excellent in Christian life, then let us listen rever-

ently and obediently to the teaching of those who are laboring to re-establish among us the principles by which that century was formed. But if the history of which we have attempted the preceding slight survey teaches us an opposite lesson, it behoves us to remember that like effects may be expected to follow from like causes.

In one of the reviews in our last number, there was an incidental mention of Canon Cureton as one of the small group of Europe's greatest Oriental scholars. Ere the article appeared, Dr. Cureton was dead. He died on the morning of Friday, the 17th, at his country-house of Westbury in Shropshire, at the age of fifty-six. Born in 1808, and educated at Christ Church, Oxford, he was ordained priest in 1834, and was for a time sub-librarian of the Bodleian. In 1837, he became assistant-keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum, which post he retained till 1849, when he was appointed to a canonry of Westminster and to the attached rectorship of the parish of St. Margaret's. Two years before that date he had been appointed chaplain-in-ordinary to the queen. Recently he received the high honor of being appointed to a special or royal trusteeship of the British Museum. He was also a Fellow of the Royal Society, an honorary D. D. of Halle, corresponding member of the Institute of France, and member of the Asiatic Society of Paris, the Oriental Society of Germany, and many other continental societies. These honors he owed to his great reputation as an Orientalist, and especially as a Syriac scholar. It is more than twenty years since this reputation was formed by publications of his while he was an official in the British Museum. His "*Corpus Ignatianum*," an edition of an ancient Syriac version of the Epistles of St. Ignatius, with commentaries thereon, was published in 1845, and gave rise to an interesting controversy. Among his subsequent works were an edition of a palimpsest of parts of Homer found in an Eastern convent, and his "*Spicilegium Syriacum*," published in 1855. He was understood to be engaged on some work connected with St. Matthew's Gospel at the time of his death. About a year ago Dr. Cureton sustained a severe nervous shock from a railway accident near Streatham (for which he obtained £3,170 in compensation), and his health had suffered ever since. Among his greatest admirers were the late Prince Consort and Baron Bunsen, to the first of whom, it is understood, he owed his preferment in the church. As a parish clergyman,

Dr. Cureton is said to have been quite out of his element. He was specifically the greatest Syriac scholar in Britain.

The action of tobacco, when smoked, upon the pulsations of the heart, is a subject which in this country has not received the attention it deserves; we are therefore glad, for the sake of science, to find it has been taken up in France. M. Decaisne contributes a valuable paper to the *Comptes Rendus*, and therein expresses his opinion on the matter. He examined no less than eighty-eight incorrigible smokers, and found among the number twenty-one cases of intermittent pulse, which did not arise from any affection of the heart. Of these, nine were attacked by dyspepsia. Five or six had themselves perceived the peculiarity of their circulation, without, however, attaching any importance to it. It was remarkable that, as soon as the habit of smoking was given up, the digestion improved, and the pulsations became more regular. The average age was thirty-four years. If we consider (1) that none of the individuals suffered from organic disease of the heart; (2) that most of them enjoyed a state of health very unfavorable to the production of intermittent pulsation; and (3) that, by forsaking the habit of smoking, there were nearly half the number restored to health, the following conclusion will not appear unjustifiable: The abuse of tobacco-smoking may produce in certain constitutions a species of cardiac narcotism, which is indicated by the irregularity of the pulsations, as reckoned at the wrist; and it is only necessary to relinquish the habit in order to obtain a healthy action of the heart.

LARGE rewards have been offered by the Papal Government to stimulate the growth of cotton. Central and Southern Italy have years ago supplied very considerable quantities of cotton, the large culture of which is now confidently expected.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MR. MAT COMMITS SACRILEGE AND FELONY.

MR. FALCONER, senior, did not go to Chewton on the Sunday, as he had purposed. He was prevented from doing so, and went on the next day,—that same Monday on which Mr. Mat was absent all day from the Chase, and on which “Kate and Walter” held their second session on the Lindisfarn Stone.

Mr. Mat had said nothing to anybody respecting his errand; but the fact was, that he also had determined on going over himself to Chewton; not with much hope of being able to effect any good, where wiser heads had failed, but still anxious, as he said, to see, if he could, what those Mallorys were up to.

Mr. Mat had known Charles Mellish, the late curate, well, in days gone by; and to tell the truth, they had, more often than was quite desirable,—at all events, for the reverend gentleman,—heard the chimes at midnight together, both in Silvertown and out at the curate’s residence at Chewton. Music was the chief tie between them. Poor Charley Mellish,—for he had been one of those men to whom that epithet is always applied, and who are always called by the familiar form of their Christian names,—poor Charley Mellish had possessed a grand baritone voice, which made very pleasant music when joined with Mr. Mat’s tenor.

Mr. Mat had often stayed for two or three days together out at Chewton, in those pleasant but naughty old bygone times, and knew all Mellish’s ways and habits, his carelessness and his irregularity, but knew, also, as Mr. Mat was thoroughly persuaded, and loudly declared, that poor Charley was utterly incapable of permitting or conniving at any fraud, either in the matter of the registers intrusted to his keeping, or in any other. Mr. Mat had a very strong idea that the register, which would prove whether the propounded extract from it were truly and honestly made or not, must still be in existence, and might be found, if looked for with sufficient patience and perseverance.

It thus came to pass that Mr. Falconer, senior, and Mr. Matthew Lindisfarn were journeying toward the remote little moorland village on the same day. But they were not travelling by the same road, nor exactly at the same hour.

Mr. Mat’s way lay, indeed, through Sil-

vertown, and coincided with that of the banker till after he had crossed the Sill by the bridge at the town-foot, and traversed most of the enclosed country intervening between the river and the borders of the moor. After that, Mr. Mat, being on horseback, pursued the same route which Dr. Blakistry had taken on a former occasion; whereas the banker in his carriage followed the lower road, by which Dr. Lindisfarn and Mr. Sligo had travelled.

Mr. Mat and the banker might therefore have fallen in with one another, had it not been that the former started on his journey at the earlier hour, and had already passed through Silvertown when the banker was still finishing his breakfast.

Mr. Mat took his ride leisurely, being much longer about it than Dr. Blakistry had been,—not because he was the inferior horseman of the two—quite the contrary; Mr. Mat was in those days one of the best riders in Sillshire, and could have, without difficulty, found his way across and over obstacles that would have puzzled the M. D. But he rode leisurely over the moor because he so much enjoyed his ride. It so happened, that he had never been at Chewton since his old crony Charles Mellish’s death. And every mile of the way waked up whole hosts of long sleeping memories in Mr. Mat’s recollection.

The ten years that run from forty-five to fifty-five in a man’s life are a terrible decade, leaving cruelly deep marks in their passage, often accomplishing the whole job of turning a young man into an old one. And these were about the years that had passed over Mr. Mat’s head since he had last ridden that well-known road from Silvertown to Chewton.

Not that these years could be said to have turned Mr. Mat into an old man, either. He was of the sort who make a good and successful fight against the old tyrant with the scythe and hour-glass. His coal-black, spiky, scrubbing-brush of a head of hair, was as thickly set and as black as ever. His perfect set of regular white teeth were as complete and as brilliant in their whiteness as ever. His shrewd and twinkling deep-set black eye was as full of fire and as bright as it had been when last he rode that way. And his copper-colored, deeply-seamed, and pock-marked face was not more unsightly than it had ever

been. And Mr. Mat always carried a light heart beneath his waistcoat, which is as good a preservative against age as camphor is against moth, as all the world knows.

So he rode through the keen morning air of the moor, reviewing his stock of recollections athwart the mellow sunshine-tinted Claude glass which memory presents to euphoric easy-going philosophers of this sort, carolling out ever and anon some fragment of a ditty, with all the power of his rich and sonorous tenor.

"There's many a lad I knew is dead,
And many a lass grown old!
And as the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold;"

he sung, as he turned his horse's head out of the main road across the moor into that breakneck track, by which we have seen Dr. Blakistry pick his way. But the stave was carolled forth in a manner that did not seem to indicate a very weary or cold heart in the singer's bosom; and Mr. Mat, as he sat on his well-appointed steed, with his white hat just a little cocked on one side, his whip under his arm, and his hand stuck into the pocket of his red waistcoat, certainly did not present to the imagination the picture of a sorrow-stricken individual.

A couple of rabbits ran across the path, startled from their dewy morning nibble by his horse's tread; and Mr. Mat broke off his song to honor them with a view-halloo that made the sides of a neighboring huge rock—a "tor," in the moorland language—re-echo again.

"And when cold in my coffin," he shouted again,—"when cold in my coffin—Ha! Miss Lucy! mind what you are about, lass! turf slippery; is it?—When cold in my coffin, I'll leave them to say, he's gone! what a hearty good fellow!"

"El—low!" said the echo off the gray tor side.

"What a hearty good fellow!" repeated Mr. Mat, in a stentorian voice, stimulated by the echo's second.

The good resolution thus enunciated seemed, however, to have been uttered by Mr. Mat, rather in the character of the late curate than in his own proper person; for he continued soliloquizing a train of reflections, which that view of the sentiment he had been chanting inspired him with.

"Yes, he was a hearty good fellow,—poor Charley! as good as ever another in Sillshire,—not a morsel of vice in him—not a bit! They got hold of the wrong bit of stuff, maybe, to make a parson out of. Poor old Charley! He's gone,—what a hearty good fellow! How often have I heard him sing that. Well! well! Now he is gone. And we are all a-going!"

'And so 'twill be, when I am gone
Those evening bells will still ring on!
Some other bard will walk these dells'—

Hup! Miss Lucy! what are you about, lass?

'And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.'

And I wonder whether another as big a rogue as that old Mallory will pull your ropes, sweet evening bells? There's some devilry of some sort at the bottom of this business. I am sure of it,—sure and certain; but it's deeper, I am afraid, than anything I can get to the bottom of."

And with these thoughts in his head, Mr. Mat came in sight of the tower of Chewton Church, and in a few minutes afterwards, pulled up at the house of Mr. Mallory, the clerk,—pulled up there more because it had always been his habit to do so in old times, when Charley Mellish lived in that house, than for any other reason; though, in fact, anything that Mr. Mat was come there to do could only be done by addressing himself to the old clerk. But the fact was, that Mr. Mat did not very well know what he had come there to do. He had yielded, when he made up his mind to ride over, to a sort of vague and restless desire to do something, a conviction that all was not right, and a sort of feeling that it might be possible to find out something if one were on the spot.

It was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon when Mr. Mat reached Chewton, and hung Miss Lucy's rein on the rail in front of Mr. Mallory's door. He knocked at the door with the handle of his whip; and it was instantly opened to him by the old man himself.

"Mr. Matthew Lindisfarn! why?"—

"What has brought me here? you were going to say, Mr. Mallory; after staying away ten years or more! Well! a little of remembrance of the old times, and a little of interest about these new times. That's about it, eh?"

"The old times and the new times are pretty much alike, as far as I can see, Mr. Mat. A little more rheumatism, a little more weariness when one goes to bed, and a little more stiffness when one gets up in the morning; that's the most of the difference that I can see."

"Well! there is no jolly, good-humored, smiling face looking out of that window over the door up there, where poor old Charley's face used to be, when I rode over, three or four hours earlier than 'tis now, mayhap, and he would welcome me with, 'Chanticleer proclaims the morn!' Does that make no difference between the old times and the new?"

"You don't seem much changed, Mr. Mat, anyway," returned the old man, looking at his visitor with a queer sort of interest and curiosity; "you are pretty much as you were, I think, coat and waistcoat and all!"

"Pretty much; and I don't see that ten years have made any great improvement in you, Mr. Mallory. I don't see a mite of difference, to tell the truth."

"I don't know that there is much, Mr. Mat, barring what I told you just now," said the old man.

"And I don't suppose," said Mr. Mat, shutting one bright black eye, and putting his head on one side with an air of curious speculation, as he eyed the tall, grave old man with the other,—"I don't suppose, Mr. Mallory, that these ten years have made either of us a bit the better or the wiser. I can't say that I am aware of their having had any such effect on me, for my part."

"Well, Mr. Matthew, I should be sorry to think that, for my part. But then I'm nearer the great account, you know," said the clerk, with a touch of official sanctimoniousness.

"So that it is about time to think of making up the books, eh, Mr. Mallory? Well, that's true. But, bless your heart, there's no counting in that way. Think of that poor young fellow lost at sea the other day,—my cousin—a far-away cousin, but still my cousin, Mr. Mallory—and your son-in-law, as I understand, Mr. Mallory. Think of him!" said Mr. Mat, thus suddenly bringing round the conversation to the topic which was uppermost in his mind, by a bold stroke of rhetoric, which he flattered himself would not have disgraced the leader of the western cir-

cuit, "there was a sudden calling to account, Mr. Mallory."

"Ay, indeed, Mr. Matthew," said the old clerk, leisurely, folding his hands in front of his waistcoat, and twirling his thumbs placidly as he stood in front of his visitor, in the middle of the flagged floor of his large kitchen and entrance hall; for the two had by this time entered the house; but the old man had not invited his self-bidden guest to be seated,—“ay, indeed, Mr. Matthew, and it's what they are specially liable to, 'who go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in the great waters.'"

"Such queer business, too, by all accounts," said Mr. Mat.

"Indeed, I am not much in the way of hearing reports here," rejoined Mr. Mallory, indifferently.

"Very true, Mr. Mallory; out in the moor here, you know. But be all that how it may, it is necessary now to see that the rights of the child—your grandson, Mr. Mallory, and my far-away cousin—are properly settled. That is the feeling of all the family; and perhaps it is all for the best that there should be a male heir for the old place and the old name," said Mr. Mat, whom nobody, and least of all himself, would ever have supposed to have so much Jesuitry in him.

"Of course Mr. Oliver Lindisfarn, and the doctor, my honored master, can only wish that right should be done. Queer enough that the child should have the rector and the clerk of Chewton for his two grandfathers, is it not, Mr. Matthew? I suppose the settlement of the question don't make much more difference to either of them than it does to the other! I have had all the sorrow of the business; and I sha'n't have any of the advantage—No, not all the sorrow, either; for Dr. Lindisfarn had his share too, no doubt; and he will get as little good from it as I shall."

"Of course, of course, Mr. Mallory; and all you can wish is what all the parties concerned wish in the matter,—that the right thing should be done."

"I can safely say, Mr. Matthew, that that is *my* feeling. But to tell you the truth, I feared, from what I have heard my son say,—the lawyer at Sillmouth, Mr. Matthew,—that the family would make some attempt to dispute the boy's title," said the old man, looking keenly at Mr. Mat.

"I am sure the squire at the Chase has no wish to dispute anything that is not fairly disputable," rejoined Mr. Mat; "but as far as I can understand, there arises some doubt and difficulty about a missing register. If that could be found, I fancy it would make the thing all clear and plain."

"No doubt, Mr. Matthew, no doubt. But how to find it? that is the question. You knew poor Mr. Mellish, nobody better; and you knew his ways. Like enough to have made the old register into gun wadding, for want of better," said the clerk.

"No!" said Mr. Mat, shaking his head very decisively,—"no, Charley would never have done that. He would never have done anything that could bring no end of wrong and trouble to others."

"But you know, Mr. Matthew, that half his time he did not know what he was doing," said the clerk, with a sad and reproachful shake of the head.

"No, not so bad as that! Come, come, Mr. Mallory, don't stick it on to him worse than it was, poor fellow. I have seen him with a drop or two too much now and again towards the small hours. But not in the morning; not when there could ever have been any question about gun-wadding. No, no! Charley never made away with the book in any fashion, I'll lay my life! It must have been in existence somewhere or other when he died; and if it could be found, it would make this child's rights as clear as day, and spare all further trouble about it."

It was now old Mallory's turn to scrutinize his companion, which he did to much better purpose than simple Mr. Mat had done, observing his features furtively and keenly out of the corner of his eye, with a shrewdness calculated to detect an *arriere pensée* in a deeper dissembler than Mr. Mat.

"At all events," he said, "it is exceedingly vexatious that the register cannot be found. I have done my utmost long ago, as well as recently, to find it. And I shall be very much surprised if anybody else ever finds it now."

"Have you any objection to let me go upstairs into the rooms he used to inhabit? I should like to see the old place again for 'auld lang syne' sake. You know, Mallory, how many a jolly night I have passed in those rooms in old times."

"Ay, Mr. Matthew! it were better if I

had not any such to remember. They were sad doings; no credit to the house, nor to the parish, for that matter!" said the old clerk, casting up his eyes in pious reprobation.

"I am sure the next parish was never any the wiser for that matter. It must have been a roystering rouse with a vengeance, that the silence of Sillmoor could not swallow up and tell no tales of! And as for the people here, you know whether they loved poor Charley, or were likely to think much ill of him, poor fellow, with all his faults. May I go up and have a look at the old rooms?"

"Yes, Mr. Matthew, I have no objection whatever. You can go up-stairs if you wish it. I will wait on you. But the room has been used since Mr. Mellish lived in it."

"Both the rooms he occupied?" asked Mr. Mat.

"No, not both of them. The sitting-room has been occupied since by my daughter when she was here. But the room beyond, the bedroom, where he died, has never been used since. We have more space in the house than we need."

So they both went up-stairs; and Mr. Mat, under cover of indulging in the reminiscences of his dead-and-gone jollifications, cast his eyes sharply about him to see if he could get any hint of a hiding-place or repository in which it might be possible to suppose that the missing register might have been hidden and lost. In the room which had been the curate's sitting-room, no trace of his occupation remained. It had very evidently long since passed under feminine dominion, and had been, it may be hoped, purified, during the reign of the moorland wild-flower, from all odor of the naughty doings witnessed in that former phase of its existence. It was not so, however, in the inner room, in which the poor curate had slept, and had died. There everything had remained to all appearance exactly as he had left it. On a nail in the white-washed wall by the side of the old bedstead, just in the place where Roman Catholic devotion is wont to suspend a little vase of holy water, still hung the Protestant curate's dog-whip. On the wall opposite to the bed, and at right angles to the window, was scrawled in charcoal on the white surface a colossal music score, with a number of notes rudely but very clearly, legibly, and correctly placed on the lines of it. The main direction in which poor Mellish's efforts at

discharging his duty in the matter of instructing his parishioners had developed themselves, was in attempting to get up a choir, and to teach a class of the boys to sing. And this bedroom had been the poor fellow's school-room, and the huge score and notes on the wall his lecture-board.

Poor melodious Charley! He was willing to teach what he best knew; and whether Sternhold and Hopkins supplied all the exemplars commended to the voices of the ingenuous moorland youth, it were invidious too closely to inquire.

On another side of the room was a large worm-eaten chest, on which Mr. Mat's eye fell immediately. He lifted the creaking lid eagerly; but there was nothing but dust and one old rusty spur in a corner inside. And a smile passed over the face of Mr. Mallory as he let the lid and the corners of his own mouth fall at the same time.

There was no other shade of a possibility that the missing volume might be found in the curate's bed-chamber; and Mr. Mat turned with a sigh—quite as much given to the memory of his old friend as to the failure of his present hopes—to follow Mr. Mallory down the stairs, when, just as they reached the stairfoot, the unusual sound of carriage-wheels was heard outside Mr. Mallory's door.

"I suppose it must be that lawyer come back again," said the old clerk. "He was here the other day, wanting to find this same unlucky register, and he seemed for all the world to fancy that I could tell him where it is. As if I would not find it if I could! I know as well as he does—better for that matter—that it would set all right. I am glad that you should happen to be here, Mr. Matthew, when he pays us his visit; he may look where he likes, for me."

So saying the old man went to the door, and there found, instead of the lawyer he expected, Mr. Falconer, senior, all smiles and bland courtesy.

"Mr. Mallory, your servant. I dare say you can guess my errand; and— But whom have we here? Mr. Mat, I declare! Dear me! Why, Mr. Mat, are you going to enter the lists with us? Have you turned ecclesiologist? Have you visited the church, eh?"

"No, sir, no! we have not been near the church. Mr. Matthew Lindisfarn was here upon another matter. What, you want to

have one more look at the famous inscription, sir; is that it?"

"That is what I wish, Mr. Mallory; if you will be so obliging as to afford me the opportunity of doing so."

"Good-morning, Mr. Falconer. I know nothing about the inscription, and I am not turned any ologist of any sort, that I know of. But *you* might guess what brings me here. I wanted to have a look with my own eyes after this plaguey register. You know all about it, no doubt. All Sillshire knows it by this time."

"Ay, ay, I understand; a bad business, Mr. Mat, a bad business! Truly grievous! But my little matter is a question of some interest between Dr. Lindisfarn and myself and some others, walkers in the paths of hoar antiquity, Mr. Mat."

"What, all across the moor here away?" said Mr. Mat, with a puzzled air.

"Yes, indeed. These pleasant paths have led us on this occasion all across the moor out to Chewton. And now if you like to step across to the church, and if Mr. Mallory will be so obliging as to accompany us with the keys, I shall have pleasure in showing you the famous inscription, which is puzzling us all; and who knows but you may hit upon some suggestion that may help us?" added the old gentleman, patronizingly.

"With all my heart, Mr. Falconer. I used to know the church well enough at one time, years ago. Will you open it for us, Mr. Mallory?" said Mr. Mat.

"I must be going to the church myself in a minute or two, gentlemen," said the clerk; "for it is time to ring the noontide bell. The sexton is a laboring man away at his work; so I always ring the bell at midday."

"Ah, yes! I remember it," said Mr. Mat; "there always used to be noontide bell at Chewton. So you keep up that old fashion still, eh, Mr. Mallory?"

"Dr. Lindisfarn would not have it dropped on any account, sir; and indeed you might say the same almost of a many of the older parishioners. They hold to the noontide bell very much about here. There always *has* been a noontide bell at Chewton-in-the-Moor, time out of mind."

Thus talking the clerk and his two visitors strolled leisurely across the village street, and along the churchyard wall to the old-fashioned stile over it, formed of huge slabs of

stone from the moor,—that stile on which Dr. Blakistry had found little July Lindisfarn—or July Mallory, as the case might be—sitting and speculating on rashers in the coming time. July was there no longer, having been removed, with his mother, to Mr. Jared Mallory's house at Sillmouth.

The clerk opened the church, and admitting the two gentlemen into the body of the building, betook himself to the belfry, to perform his daily duty.

"This is indeed a fortunate chance, my dear sir," whispered Falconer to Mr. Mat, as soon as they were left alone, "an opportunity I have never enjoyed before. At my former visits here I have never been able to examine the curious relic of which I spoke to you except under the eyes of the man who has just left us—a creature of the doctor's, of course—worthy, excellent, good man, Dr. Lindisfarn, I am sure. I have the utmost regard for him. But crotchety, my dear Mr. Mat,—I do not mind saying it to you,—decidedly crotchety upon some points; erudite, but de-ci-ded-ly crotchety. Now in the matter of this inscription our dear doctor has formed a certain theory,—it is not for me to say whether tenable or not, at least, not here nor now," said the banker, with a meaning look at his companion, which, however, was meaningless for Mr. Mat,—“a certain theory,” continued the banker, “which might most judiciously be tested by the removal of a small portion of the coating of plaster which covers the ancient woodwork. But this I have never been able to attempt, as you will understand, in that man Mallory's presence. Even if he had allowed me to do so, which I do not think, any discovery which I could make would have been immediately communicated to the doctor, you see; and in these matters one wishes, you know—naturally—you understand!”

Mr. Mat understood nothing at all. But he very docilely followed the lead of the old banker, who, as he spoke the last words, had brought him into the corridor leading to the vestry, and stopped short in front of the partially discovered panel which appeared to be let into the wall under the low ornamented arch, in the manner which has been previously described. There, unquestionably enough, were to be seen the mysterious syllables, on which all the senior canon's superstructure of learned dissertation and con-

jecture was founded: “TANTI . . . VI . . . TANTI . . . VI . . . TANTI” And both above and below them were the half-obliterated remains of figures or painted symbols of some sort, which really looked more like hieroglyphics than anything else.

“There, sir, is the celebrated Chewton inscription,” said Mr. Falconer, “and I am bound to admit that I do not think there can be any doubt or discrepancy of opinion on the reading of the letters. They read most undeniably ‘TANTI VI TANTI VI TANTI,’ but the doctor has never adverted to the probability that the letters ‘v,i,’ thus singularly repeated, and especially found thus in conjunction with the adjective ‘tanti,’ which signifies, my dear Mr. Mat, ‘so many,’—‘so many,’” repeated the banker, holding up his fore-finger in a manner intended to demand imperatively a strong effort of Mr. Mat's mind for the due comprehension of that important point,—“the *very great* probability, I say, that these letters ‘v,i’ may be simply Roman numerals.”

All the while the learned banker was setting forth his opposition theory in this manner, Mr. Mat was observing the panel in question more narrowly and with a greater appearance of interest than could have been reasonably expected from a man of his tastes and habits. Stooping down with his hands resting upon his knees, so as to bring his face nearly to a level with the letters, he stared at them, while a close observer might have marked a gradually intensified gleam of intelligence first glimmer in his eyes, then mantle on his humorous puckered lips, and lastly illumine in its completion his entire visage.

“Now what I wish,” continued Mr. Falconer, “and what I propose doing, with your kind aid, Mr. Mat, now that the clerk's absence has given us the opportunity, is just to rub, or scrape off a little—just a *little*—of the whitewash here, to see if we can discover any further traces. Don't you think we might manage it, Mr. Mat?” said Mr. Falconer, coaxingly.

“All the world says you are a very learned man, Mr. Falconer, and the doctor another; and learning is a very fine thing. But what would you and the doctor and all the rest of the big-wigs say, if I was to tell you, without any rubbing off of whitewash at all, what comes next after the words you see there?”

said Mr. Mat, putting both his hands in his waistcoat-pockets, balancing himself on the heels of his boots, and looking at the banker with merry-twinkling, half-closed eyes, and his head thrown back.

"Say Mr. Mat?" replied Falconer, apparently quite taken aback with astonishment,—"say?—why, sir, I should say that any such statement was worth just nothing at all without verification. For my own part, I frankly admit that I do not perceive, nor indeed can imagine, the possibility of a conjecture"—

"Well, look ye here, Mr. Falconer, my conjecture is this: I am of opinion that the next letters after those where the whitewash has been rubbed off will be found to be *v, i*, over again, and then *t, h, i, s*; now if that turns out to be right when we rub off the whitewash, I think you ought to make me president of the antiquarian society, or the devil is in it."

"My dear sir," said Falconer, becoming very red in the face, and more distant in his manner, from annoyance and astonishment, and finding himself, as it were, shoved aside from his place of learned superiority,—"my dear sir, I must confess I do not understand you; I know not what notion you have taken into your head; I must protest"—

"Well, Mr. Falconer, I have told you what the next letters will be found to be. Now we'll proceed to verify, as you say."

And Mr. Mat as he spoke, drew out from his pocket one of those huge pluralist pocket-knives,—a whole tool-box of instruments in itself,—which such men as Mr. Mat love to carry about with them; and having pulled out from some corner of its all-accommodating handle a large wide-bladed hack-knife, proceeded with no light or delicate hand to scrape away a further portion of the coating of whitewash which covered the board.

Falconer looked on, aghast with dismay and horror.

"Mr. Mat, Mr. Mat! Good Heavens! what are you about? What will the doctor say? Gently, gently, at all events; or you will destroy whatever remains of antiquity time may have spared."

"Not a bit of it, sir," said Mr. Mat, scraping away vigorously; "there! now, sir, look and see if I was a true prophet. There they are! There are the letters I told you we

should find,—*v, i; t, h, i, s*;—plain enough; aint they?"

Mr. Falconer put on his gold eyeglasses, and peered closely at the place where Mr. Mat had laid the wood bare. He read the letters, as deciphered by Mr. Mat, without any difficulty.

"My dear sir," he said, tremulously, while his hands before and his pigtail behind began to shake in unison with the excess of his perplexity and astonishment, "I confess I do not understand it,—I am at a loss,—I wash my hands of the matter. You must account for what you have done to the doctor; I fear he will be greatly displeased, I—I—retire baffled!—I can offer no conjecture—ahem!"

"Oh, I'll be accountable to the doctor! Why, I thought that he was worriting his life out to find out what this writing meant. I thought that was what you all of you wanted?" cried Mr. Mat. "But I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Falconer," he continued, selecting, as he spoke, another instrument from his pocket arsenal, "I mean to verify this a little more. I am going to have that board out, inscription and all. Why, it's an old acquaintance of mine, Mr. Falconer, the old board, and the inscription, as you call it, and the whole concern. Bless your heart, I know all about it! What do you say to this now, by way of a learned explanation?" And with a very reprehensible forgetfulness of the sacred character of the building in which they were standing, and throwing himself into an attitude meant to be in accordance with his words, Mr. Mat made the groined roof of the fine old church ring again with the well-known old burthen, "Tantivy, tantivy, tantivy! This day a stag must die!"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" he laughed uproariously; "to think of poor Charley's music-score coming to make such a piece of work; ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"That is all very well, Mr. Mat," said Falconer, seizing, with a transient gleam of hope, on a point which seemed to afford the means of hitching a difficulty on to Mr. Mat's explanation of the celebrated Chewton inscription; "but you will do me the favor to observe that the cabalistic word taken from the art of venerie which you have cited, 'tantivy,' must be held to be written as pro-

nounced, with a *y* at the end; whereas the letters painted on that panel are *v, i.*"

"Tell ye, Mr. Falconer, I saw him paint it—helped him to do it. Fact was, the parish boys used to puzzle themselves with the *y* at the end; so he wrote it *i*, comes to the same thing, you know. Poor Charley was always wanting to teach a lot of the parish boys to sing,—all he did teach 'em, or could teach 'em, I suppose, for the matter of that. But singing he did understand, nobody better. Poor fellow! many's the glee he and I have made two at. Well, his plan was to paint a few bars of some easy song or other, with the words,—there, you can see the notes plain enough!—and paint it all so big that the whole of his class could read it at once. That was what this board was for. If you will go up into the room in old Mallory's house, where poor Charley used to live, you may see just such another bit of music done on the wall with charcoal. I was up there just now, before you arrived, and there is the poor fellow's handiwork on the wall pretty nearly as fresh as ever. Yes, there it is, music and all, plain enough," continued Mr. Mat, who had, all the time he was talking, been vigorously working away at the board, and had at last succeeded in wrenching it away from the wall,—“there is poor Charley's class-board, ‘Tantivy, tantivy, tantivy, this day a stag must die!’ Now, Mr. Falconer, don't I deserve to be made perpetual president of the learned Society of Antiquaries of Silverton, eh? What do you say to the verification now, Mr. Falconer?”

“It is truly a very extraordinary explanation of the mystery,—very unexpected and extraordinary indeed. Nevertheless, Mr. Mat, I am sure that you will forgive me, if I declare myself to be speaking strictly under reserve, and refrain from pronouncing at present any definitive opinion. I fear, as I before observed, that the doctor, who is rector of this church, you must remember, Mr. Mat, will be very seriously displeased at the—these somewhat precipitous and violent steps which have been taken for”—

“For the discovery of his favorite mare's nest, eh? Well, I must take the blame of that. But now, Mr. Falconer,” continued Mr. Mat, changing his manner entirely, and speaking very seriously, “I'll tell you what it is! I've got a mare's nest here as well as the doctor. I did not wrench that board

out of its place only to show you what it was. I knew the old board that my own hands had helped to paint well enough, directly I saw it. But something else came into my head at the same time. You have heard all about the missing register, and how much may depend on the finding of it! Well, now I remember how this place in the wall used to be before Mellish had the board put up there. There was a space under this stone arch here, as you may see now, and at the bottom of it a stone trough like a small conduit. Well, when Charley had done with the old board, and the boys had got pretty perfect in ‘This day a stag must die,’ he scrawled that other lesson on the wall, as I was telling you just now, and I never knew nor cared what had become of the board; for though I was often over here in those days, my visits were not for the purpose of going to church, more shame for me. But I recollect as well as if it was yesterday, hearing Mellish complain, time and again, that there was no proper place in the vestry for the keeping of the register book. And when I saw the board put up here so as to shut in a snug place under the old arch, and yet so as to leave an opening a-top,—for, as you may see, this board did not close up the arch; that must have been done afterward, and I dare say our old friend who has just done ringing the bell could tell us the when, and maybe the wherefore,—when I observed all this, you see, having the matter of the register more in my mind than the inscription, it came across me like a flash of lightning that it was very likely Charley had put the board up here to make a place, and a very snug, safe place, too, for keeping the register in. It was just like him, always full of contraptions, and a deal cleverer with his hands than he was with his head, poor fellow.”

Just as Mr. Mat had completed his explanation, the two violators of the fabric of the church were rejoined by the old clerk. And a wrathful man was he, when his first glance showed him what had been done. Perhaps there was something more, besides anger, in the pallor that came over his rigid old face, and the dilation of his still fiery, deep-set eyes.

“What is this, gentlemen?” he said, in a voice tremulous with passion. “Sacrilege! You have committed sacrilege, gentlemen, and abused the trust I placed in you, in allowing you to remain in the church.”

"Mr. Mallory, I protest"—began the banker, with formal pomposity.

"Gentlemen," interrupted the gaunt old man, still shaking with rage, "you must answer for this outrage as best you may. You must be accountable to the rector of the parish—and to the law. I must insist upon your leaving the church instantly—instantly!" he reiterated, coming forward a step as he spoke, so as to advance towards placing himself between Mr. Mat and the partially disclosed aperture which the removal of the board had occasioned.

"Certainly, Mr. Mallory, certainly," said Mr. Mat, taking a rapid stride forward as he spoke, so as to be beforehand with the old man, and to place himself close to the spot from which the board had been taken; "I did this job. Mr. Falconer had no hand in it at all. I will be answerable for it. But before I go I must just see what lies buried among the rubbish there behind the boarding, only for the sake of antiquarianism, you know."

And while the words were yet on his lips he plunged his hand into the trough of the monk's old conduit, still hidden behind a second board, which had been placed below the old music-score, and in the next minute drew it forth with a small vellum-bound volume in it.

Holding his prize aloft with one hand, Mr. Mat put the thumb of the other to his ear, and uttered a view-halloa which might have waked the ancient monks from their tercentenary slumber.

Mr. Falconer, not a little scandalized, but quite awake to the possible importance of the discovery, held up his hands, partly in dismay and partly in interest.

Mallory became perfectly livid, and trembled visibly in every limb. He strove with might and main, however, to speak with stern calmness, as he said,—

"Mr. Matthew Lindisfarn, I require you to give up that volume instantly to me. If indeed it be a register, I, in the absence of the rector and the curate, am the legal and proper guardian of it. Mr. Falconer, I appeal to you!"

"I wash my hands—indeed, I have once already stated to Mr. Matthew that I wash my hands."

"And I will wash mine when I get back

to the Chase!" cried Mr. Mat, still holding high in the air the dusty and cobweb-mantled volume, and making for the door of the church.

Mallory rushed forward to intercept him, with an agility that could not have been expected from his years, crying out,—

"Mr. Lindisfarn, I warn you! This is sacrilege and felony; felony, Mr. Lindisfarn! Take care what you are about. Mr. Falconer, you are a magistrate, I call upon you."

"Good-by, Mr. Falconer; I'm off; no time to lose—see you in Silverton. Beg pardon, Mr. Mallory, but this book must go to Silverton, felony or no felony."

And so saying, he darted out of the church-door, and across the street to the rail where he had left Miss Lucy, and was in the saddle in the twinkling of an eye.

"Now, Miss Lucy, old girl, put the best foot foremost;" and turning in his saddle as he started at a gallop, he saw his two recent companions standing at the church-door, staring after him open-mouthed.

"Yoicks! Yoicks! hark forward!" he cried, once more flourishing his prize in the air before their eyes, and then carefully securing it within his coat, gave all his attention to guiding Miss Lucy across the moor, at what would assuredly have been a break-neck pace to most riders.

CHAPTER XLIX.

MR. SLOWCOME COMES OUT RATHER STRONG.

THE flanks of Miss Lucy were streaming as she stood at the door of Messrs. Slowcome and Sligo's offices in the High Street, about half-past one o'clock on that Monday morning. Mr. Mat had ridden the fifteen miles from Chewton in one hour and a quarter; but had nevertheless found time to reflect, as he rode, that after all he did not know what the register might prove, or whether it might be found to prove anything in the matter of the succession of the Lindisfarn property. He remembered with some misgiving that in truth he did not know with any certainty whether the dusty volume he had drawn from its hiding-place was any parish register at all or no; and justly considering that it would be very desirable to ascertain what might be the real facts in these respects before carrying his prize to the Chase, where probably nobody would be able to understand anything

of the matter, he determined very judiciously to submit the volume in the first place to the learned scrutiny of old Slow.

Hurriedly throwing Miss Lucy's rein to a boy in the street, who, like every other boy in the streets of Silverton, knew both Mr. Mat and Miss Lucy perfectly well, he rushed into the open door, and made straight for that inner one of glass, which gave immediate admittance to the sacred presence of the heads of the firm, quite regardless of the remonstrances of the outraged Bob Scott, who in vain tried to stop him.

"Sir, sir, Mr. Mat!" cried Bob, in his capacity of Cuberns, "they are engaged. Mr. Slowcome has people with him on business, and Mr. Sligo is with him too; you must wait, if you please," said the junior clerk, rushing out from his den on the left-hand side of the entrance.

"Can't wait; who's with him?" said Mr. Mat.

"Why, Mr. Jared Mallory, of Sillmouth!" whispered Bob, with an air of much mystery.

"All right!" cried Mr. Mat, with his hand on the lock of the glazed door; and in the next instant he was in the innermost shrine of Themis.

Mr. Slowcome was sitting in his accustomed chair, wheeled round a little from the writing-table, so as to face the Sillmouth attorney, who was seated opposite to him, while Mr. Sligo was standing dangling one leg over the back of a chair, on the rug before the fireplace.

One would have said to look at the three that both Mr. Slowcome and Mr. Mallory were exceedingly enjoying themselves, and that Mr. Sligo was much amused by watching them. And in this case Mr. Slowcome and not Mr. Mallory was the hypocrite. That latter gentleman was very thoroughly enjoying himself, and seemed entirely to have got over that appearance of being ill at ease, which a consciousness of his unprofessional and out-at-elbow-like shabbiness inspired him with on his first visit to the offices of the prosperous Silverton firm. He sat thrown back in an easy attitude in his chair, with one knee crossed over the other, with one hand in his trousers, while the other was caressing his chin; and he was eyeing old Slow with the look of a man who has forced

his antagonist into a corner, and triumphantly watches his struggles to escape from that position. But old Slow afforded him as little as possible of this triumph. He, too, seemed perfectly at his ease, and at all events, was not hurried into speaking or moving one jot beyond his normal speed. Mr. Sligo was biting his nails, and looked like a terrier watching for the moment when a baited badger might give him an opportunity for dashing in upon him.

"How do, Slowcome?" cried Mr. Mat, nodding to Mr. Sligo. "Who is this gentleman?" he continued, staring at the visitor to the firm: "Mr. Jared Mallory, I should say by the look of him."

"You are right, Mr. Matthew Lindisfarn, though I can't say I should have known you by the look of you, if I had not known you before!"

"We were engaged, Mr. Matthew, in discussing, quite in a friendly way, and without prejudice to any ulterior proceedings which it may be necessary to take in the matter—without prejudice, Mr. Mallory!"

"Oh, quite so," snapped Mr. Mallory, with the rapidity of a monkey seizing a nut.

"We were engaged in discussing this matter of the disputed succession—not but what I am premature in calling it so," pursued Mr. Slowcome, as if he were speaking against time, and would beat it out of the field, "but this question, which may become such—may unfortunately become such—respecting the Lindisfarn property."

"Quite so," put in Mr. Sligo, like a pistol-shot.

"And I am come to help you," said Mr. Mat, briskly, drawing a chair between Mr. Slowcome and Mallory.

"Ay, ay, ay, ay," said Mr. Slowcome; "Sligo, Mr. Matthew has come to help us."

"More the merrier," said Mr. Mallory.

"Perhaps better see member of firm confidentially. My room at your service, Mr. Matthew," suggested Mr. Sligo.

"Look at that, Mr. Slowcome," said Mr. Mat, producing his book, and utterly disregarding the caution of Mr. Sligo.

"A remarkably dirty volume," said old Slow, taking it between his finger and thumb, and laying it gingerly on the desk before him. "Have you a duster there, Mr. Sligo? Be so good as to ring the bell."

"Let me look at it, Mr. Slowcome; I am not so dainty," said Mallory, stretching out his hand towards the volume.

"Nay, Mr. Mal-lo-ry," returned Slowcome, waving him off with an interposing hand; "let us keep our hands clean if we can,—clean if we can, you know, Mis-ter Mal-lo-ry. What does the volume purport to be, Mr. Matthew?"

"It has not purported anything yet. That is what I brought it here for, that you might see. But if I am not mistaken, Slowcome, that is the missing register of Chewton church."

A sudden change, transitory as a flash of lightning, passed over Mr. Mallory's face, and he again stretched out his hand toward the little volume, which had by this time been duly divested of its dust and cobwebs, saying, as he did so,—

"Indeed, Mr. Matthew; that would be most satisfactory to us all."

Mr. Sligo sprang forward to interpose, and snatch the volume himself. But old Slow was beforehand with them both, quietly letting his fat white hand fall upon the volume as the words passed Mr. Mat's lips.

"Dear me, dear me," he said, without the change of a demi-semi-tone in his voice, "and where did you obtain the volume, Mr. Matthew Lindisfarn? That is if you have no objection to answer the question, you know."

"Oh, no objection in life," said Mr. Mat, readily; "I committed felony to get it. At least, so that gentleman's worthy father told me."

"Ay, ay, ay, ay. Dear me, dear me; you removed the volume from the parish church of Chewton, and Mr. Mallory, senior, who is, I understand, the clerk of that parish, expressed an opinion—a *primâ facie* opinion of course—that the removal of it amounted within the meaning of the statute to felony. Ay, ay, ay, ay! Your good father amuses his leisure hours with the pleasing study of the criminal law, Mr. Mallory?" said Slowcome, bowing to the Sillmouth attorney with a perfection of bland courtesy.

"Little study needed to tell that stealing a parish-register is felony, I should think," snarled Mallory.

"Very true, Mis-ter Mal-lo-ry, very true indeed. We will, however, examine the volume, at all events. We can hardly make felony of that, Mr. Mallory; can we?"

And thus saying, old Slow carefully and leisurely adjusted his gold eyeglasses, and proceeded to look at the book, from which he had not once removed his hand, during the above conversation.

"Most assuredly this is the register of births, deaths, and marriages of the parish of Chewton, ranging over all the time with which our present business can be concerned, Mr. Matthew," said he, after a leisurely inspection.

Mr. Mat's eyes twinkled, as he said,—

"I knew poor Charley Mellish could never have done anything wrong about it in any way"—

"No suggestion of the kind, Mr. Mat. Register lost, all about it, no case," interrupted Mr. Sligo precipitately, and thereby averting a storm of virtuous indignation, that was on the point of bursting from Mr. Mallory.

"And where was the mislaid volume found, Mr. Matthew?—always supposing that you have no objection to reply to the question," said Slowcome.

Mr. Mat related the scene in Chewton church as compendiously as he could, not omitting the old clerk's violent opposition to his taking away the book, and concluded by asking the legal oracle what he thought about it.

Mr. Slowcome had, while Mr. Mat was telling his story, handed the important book to Mr. Sligo, with a look, and the one word "Sligo," as he put it into his hands. And Mr. Sligo had in about a minute afterwards, while Mr. Mat was still speaking, returned the volume open to Mr. Slowcome, with his forefinger pointing carelessly to one of the late entries on the page. Old Slow glanced at the passage pointed out to him, while he said, in answer to Mr. Mat's real question,—

"Well, Mr. Mat, I am bound in justice to your friend Mr. Mallory, senior, of Chewton, to say that I am of opinion that the abstraction of the register does bear a *primâ facie* similarity to a case of felony."

"*Primâ facie* and *lasta facie*, too, I should say!" cried Mr. Mallory; "now look 'ee here, Mr. Slowcome," he continued, "this may come to be an ugly business, you see. Of course we cannot put up with such a document as that being left in the power and at the discretion of our opponents. Out of the question, no saying what may have been done

already, no offence." (Luckily for Mr. Jarad's bones, Mr. Mat had no conception of his meaning.) "But look'ee here, Mr. Slowcome, matters may be arranged; no wish to press hardly on a gentleman much respected in the county. Let the register be immediately sealed and returned to the clerk of Chewton, and we consent there shall be no further notice taken."

"That is a very handsome offer, very handsome and friendly, Mr. Mallory, indeed; but would it not," and here Mr. Slowcome paused to savor a huge pinch of snuff, and carefully fillicked away a grain or two from his immaculate shirt-frill before proceeding,— "would it not, I was about to observe, have an awkward appearance of compounding a felony, Mr. Mallory, since we are driven to use such hard words?"

"I'll tell you what it is, gentlemen, all three of you," cried Mr. Mat, striking his hand on Mr. Slowcome's table as he spoke, "if I have committed a felony, I'll be shot if it shall be for nothing! And that register shall be examined before either it or I leave this office!"

"We don't shoot felons in this country, Mr. Mat," said old Slow, while an earth-quaky sort of movement, originating in the inside of him caused his ponderous watch-chain and seals to oscillate, and indicated that old Slow conceived himself to have perpetrated a joke.

"And very few documents of any description that ever find their way into *this* office, go out again unexamined!" said the younger partner, with a hard look at Mr. Mallory.

"Very right, Sligo! very judiciously observed indeed! Capital business maxim that, Mr. Mallory! And as for our friend Mr. Mat being either shot, or t'other thing, you know, I think I could suggest another line of defence; I *think* I could, with all deference to an authority doubtless more conversant with that department of business than our house can pretend to be," said Mr. Slowcome, with a most courteous bow to Mr. Mallory.

"Indeed, Mr. Slowcome! And what may that be? I should be curious to hear it, I confess!"

"Well! it is true I am but an ignoramus as to the practice of the criminal side of the court, Mr. Mallory; but my humble notion is, that if I were in Mr. Mat's place, and

either you or your respected father were to say anything to me of so unpleasant a nature as felony, Mr. Mallory, I,—speaking in the character of our excellent friend Mr. Mat, you understand,—I should reply to either you or your respected father, *Forgery! Mr. Mal-lo-ry, FORGERY! For-ge-ry!!*" cried Mr. Slowcome, speaking with his accustomed slowness, but with an energy that caused his chin and his pigtail and his watch-chain all to oscillate in unison.

"I do not know what you mean, Mr. Slowcome!" cried Mallory, turning very pale; "but I would advise you to be very careful of actionable words, Mr. Slowcome,—spoken before witnesses, Mr. Slowcome!"

"Dear me! dear me! dear me! To think of its being actionable to talk of forgery in the most abstract, and I may say hypothetical, sort of way! See now! I told you that I knew nothing about these matters! But it's as well to be hung for a sheep as a lamb, now isn't it, Mr. Mallory? So we will come to the concrete. I say the document you submitted to me, purporting to be an extract from this register, has been fraudulently altered, Mr. Mallory! The *date* has been tampered with, Mr. Mallory! The marriage between the late Julian Lindisfarn and your good sister, Mr. Mallory, was celebrated, as duly shown by this register, not before, but after the birth of the child now wrongfully called Julian Lindisfarn; and that child is *nullius filius*, which means, strange as it may seem, Mr. Mat, the son of nobody at all, and therefore *à fortiori*, as I may perhaps be allowed to say, nobody's grandson, and in no wise heir to an acre of the Lindisfarn estates! *Nullius filius*, Mr. Mallory; and the rights of the Misses Katharine and Margaret Lindisfarn are indisputable, Mr. Mallory. That is all! And a very good day's work you have done this morning, Mr. Mat! I congratulate you with all my heart; and between ourselves I don't think that Mr. Mallory will, under the circumstances, be hard upon us about the felony—under the circumstances, eh, Mr. Mallory?"

"Can't say indeed, Mr. Slowcome! We shall see, we shall see, sir!" said Mr. Mallory, sticking his hat on over his ear, and taking a stride toward the door; "you shall hear from me shortly, sir!"

"I think not! I think not!" said Mr. Slowcome, shaking his head, as Mr. Sligo closed the door behind the discomfited foe.

"We shall here no more of them, sir!" he continued, turning to Mr. Mat; "Ha, ha, ha! Tantivy, tantivy! very remarkable chance. Tantivy, tantivy!" repeated the old gentleman, slowly as he rubbed his hands over each other softly,—*"tantivy, tantivy! very good, very good indeed!"*

Mr. Mat hardly waited to hear the end of old Slow's felicitations, before, rushing out of the office as precipitately as he had entered it, he sprang into the saddle, and astonished Miss Lucy by the unwonted style in which she was required to get over the ground between Silverton and the Chase.

"Forgery! Forgery! Forgery!" he shouted in view-holloa tones as he rushed into the drawing-room, where the ladies of the family, including Lady Farnleigh, were sitting.

Of course the news of the finding of the register, and of old Slow's decision respecting the facts resulting from its contents were soon made known to every member of the family, and were welcomed by them with rejoicing, slightly diversified in the manifestation of it in accordance with the characteristics of the various individuals. The only one of the party whose peace of mind was in any degree permanently injured by the events which had taken place, and the erroneous impressions arising from them, was Miss Inmy; for the upsetting of the foundations of her mind by the statement, which had with difficulty been made credible to her, that the Lindisfarn girls were not the heiresses to the Lindisfarn property, was so complete and irremediable that it was found impracticable to convince her that the decision now once again arrived at that they *were* heiresses, was not liable to be again reversed to-morrow. It is a dangerous thing to disturb the ideas of those who have never accustomed their minds to the possibility that their *certainities* may turn out to be not certain.

Kate nestled up to her godmother's side, and whispered, "I do so hope that nobody will have told *him* of it, before he comes here."

"Oh! you would like to have the telling of your *him*—as if there were but one of the sex in the world—yourself; would you?" said Lady Farnleigh, in the same whispered

tones. "Well, as he is at this moment probably in the *Petrel* off the coast of Moulsea Haven, and as the instant he can get away he will come here as fast as a horse's legs can carry him, I think you have a fair chance of being the first teller of your good news."

"If I can only make him understand how wholly my great joy at this change is for his sake," said Kate, drooping her face over her godmother's shoulder, and putting her lips very close to her ear.

"I am inclined to think, my dear, that you will not find him obtuse on that subject," replied Lady Farnleigh.

Miss Margaret, after having partaken with the rest of the family of the general burst of mutual congratulations with which Mr. Mat's news had been received, quietly stole away to her own room and locked herself in. There throwing herself into a large chair, she remained for many minutes plunged in reflections which, it would have been very evident to any eye that could have watched her, were not of an altogether pleasurable kind. There were certain expressions flitting changefully across those lovely features, like thunder-clouds across a summer sky, and certain clinchings from time to time of the slender, rosy-tipped fingers of those long, beautifully-formed hands which denoted that other feelings than those of unmixed satisfaction and rejoicing were present and busy within that snowy bosom. We know that Miss Margaret had been shamefully and cruelly treated. She certainly had cause to feel anger and bitter resentment against a certain person,—and Miss Margaret was apt to feel resentment keenly. How far it would be justifiable to conclude that Madame de Renneville's lovely pupil was engaged, during those long minutes of self-absorbed reflection, in debating within herself what course would secure the best and sweetest vengeance and the severest retribution on the individual who had incurred her displeasure, must be left to the consideration of the candid reader. Supposing it should seem probable that such was in fact the case, we can only discover the decision on this point arrived at in her secret meditations, by observing and carefully piecing together her actions immediately reverie gave place to action, and those particulars of her subsequent conduct which yet remain to be recorded in these pages.

Now what Miss Margaret *did* immediately

on rousing herself from her meditations and her easy-chair, was to change the somewhat neglected attire which she had adopted, during the sackcloth and ashes days of disappointment and misery through which she had just been passing, for a very carefully arranged and tasteful *toilette de matin*. Miss Margaret's practice in the matter was quite oriental and biblical, it may be observed. The fact is, that sorrow manifests its evil influence very differently in different natures. In Miss Margaret it produced a singular tendency to slovenliness. She was like the cats when they are ill, and when under a cloud took, as the phraseology of the servants' hall has it, "no pride in herself."

She was curiously prompt in making this change, certainly. Nevertheless, perhaps this promptitude may be seen to have been inspired by that judicious and keen appreciation of men and things by which Margaret Lindisfarn was so remarkably distinguished.

CHAPTER L.

ARCADES AMBO!—CONCLUSION.

JUST as Mr. Mat was hurriedly mounting Miss Lucy at Messrs. Slowcome and Sligo's door, the carriage of Mr. Falconer drove up the High Street of Silvertown, on its return from Chewton. As soon as possible after that triumphant flight of Mr. Mat with his prize in his hand from the village in the moor, the worthy banker had taken his leave of Mr. Mallory, and had entered his comfortable carriage, charging his coachman, as he did so, to make all possible speed in returning to Silvertown. But not only were the banker's handsome pair of carriage horses no match for Miss Lucy, but the road they had to traverse was some two miles longer. And it resulted thence that Mr. Falconer arrived in the High Street, as has been said, only just as Mr. Mat, after his important interview with the lawyers, was leaving it. The banker caught sight of Mr. Mat, as he rode away from the lawyer's door, and putting his head out of the carriage window, called to the coachman to stop at Messrs. Slowcome and Sligo's office.

"I saw Mr. Matthew Lindisfarn leave your door a minute ago, Slowcome," said he, making his way into the lawyer's presence in a much more hurried manner than comported with Mr. Bob Scott's ideas of the dignity of his principal. "Of course you have

heard all about the strange adventure at Chewton. You have seen the book, I suppose, that he carried off in such a—I must say—in a somewhat unjustifiable manner. Is it a register? Is it *the* register? Does it prove anything?"

"I never am able to hear more than one question at a time, Mr. Falconer," said Slowcome, looking up very deliberately from a letter he was writing, "even when I am not interrupted in another occupation. Yes! I have seen the book Mr. Mat brought from Chewton. What came next?"

"Why, was it the register? Do tell me all about it, Slowcome, come, as an old friend; interested, too; you know, in the matter."

"Ay, ay, indeed. Still interested in the matter? Dear me! But to tell you all about it would really occupy a larger amount of time than I am able, with due regard to other pressing avocations, to devote to that purpose at present,—just at present, you see, Mr. Falconer."

"Only just one word, Slowcome," said the banker, absolutely writhing with impatience, under the severe discipline with which old Slow was wont to chastise that failing: "Did the book Mr. Mat found prove anything?"

"Oh, dear me, yes! It proves all the marriages and deaths in Chewton parish for a very considerable number of years, Mr. Falconer."

"It was the register, then? Come, Slowcome, do 'let the cat out of the bag' with one word. Come, there is a good fellow. You know that I have good reasons for wishing to know the truth. What does the register prove in the matter of the Lindisfarn succession?"

"Well, I have no objection to state it as my opinion—with all due reservations, you will understand, Mr. Falconer—with all due re—ser—va—ti—ons, of course—that the register now fortunately discovered and brought forward in evidence, does very satisfactorily and indisputably," and old Slow, who had risen from his chair, and was standing with his back to his office fire, with his hands under the tails of his coat, made at each disjointedly uttered syllable of those polysyllabic adverbs a sort of little bow, which caused his coat-tails and his watch-chain and his pigtail to move in unison, like the different parts of some well-regulated machine,—“very

sa-tis-fac-to-ri-ly and in-dis-pu-ta-bly, Mr. Falconer, establish the clear, and, considering the age of the other parties named in the entail and other circumstances, I think I am justified in saying, in-de-fea-si-ble right of the young ladies at the Chase to their father's estates."

"You don't say so! By George, Slowcome, could you not have said so in half a word?" cried the banker, as he hurried to the door of the room.

"No, I think not, Mr. Falconer. I never make use of half-words considering entire ones to be more sa-tis-fac-to-ry."

But Mr. Falconer was half-way to the hall-door by the time old Slow had got through this last adverb, and was hurrying home up the Iligh Street, before the earthquake that began to heave Mr. Slowcome's white waistcoat, giving evidence of the existence of hidden laughter far down below the surface of the man, had subsided.

"Fred, come here," said Mr. Falconer, as he passed hurriedly through the outer office of the bank into his private room behind it; "I want to speak to you."

Mr. Frederick, who had of late been far more regular in his attendance at the bank than had been the case for some time past, rose somewhat listlessly from his seat, and followed his father into his sanctum.

"Shut the door, Fred," cried the senior, hastily; "here's all the fat in the fire again, and we shall burn our fingers at last, if we don't mind what we are about. They have found a parish-register which proves that the girls up at the Chase are the rightful heirs after all. No mistake. Old Slowcome has just told me; took me half an hour to get it out of him."

"By Jove! If you had not sent that old fool Gregory to spoil all, I should have been all right by this time," said the unreasonable young gentleman.

"Yes, and if it had turned up t'other way? A pretty job. But it's not too late. If you are half a fellow, you will be able to put it right again. But sharp's the word. No time to be lost."

Freddy shook his ambrosial curls with a very decided expression of doubt. "I am afraid it won't do," said he, "I am afraid *that* game is up. Nothing, you know, sir, has passed since my letter to the squire withdrawing from the engagement."

"Dictated by me, of course," rejoined his father, "you make it right with the girl, and I will undertake the squire."

"I am almost afraid it won't do," replied his son; "it is worth trying though, anyway. I'll try it."

"Not an hour to lose, my boy; and, Fred," he added, as his son was leaving the room, already meditating his high emprise, "lay the blame on me, as thick as you like, you know. That will be your plan."

Fred nodded, and hastened to his own room to prepare for marching on this forlorn hope, having asked one of the juniors in the bank, as he passed, to have the kindness to order his horse to be saddled for him without delay.

In a few minutes he came down dressed altogether in black, with his face looking a good deal paler than it had been half an hour before, and with his left arm in a sling.

Thus got up for the occasion, he mounted his horse as gracefully as could be done by a man who had the use of only one arm, and made the best of his way to the Chase, arriving there about an hour and a half after Mr. Mat, and as near as might be about the time when Margaret had shown her admirable tact and knowledge of mankind by making the improvement which has been mentioned in her toilet. She was, in fact, in the act of descending the staircase which opened on the front hall at the Chase when our friend Fred entered the house. No more inevitable meeting could have been arranged for them. The groom, who had taken Frederick's horse from him, had opened the door for him, and had then gone away to the stables, leaving him, as a well-known and familiar guest, to find his own way into the drawing-room, after the unceremonious fashion of the house. And thus it happened that there was no servant present to mar the privacy of their interview.

Fred did it very well, certainly. Hurriedly advancing two or three rapid strides toward the foot of the stair, where Margaret stood, magnificent in the accusing majesty of her haughty attitude, he stopped suddenly; and made a partially abortive effort to clasp his hands before him, which, painfully impeded, as it evidently was, by the maimed condition of the arm supported by its black silk sling, was—or at all events ought to have been—exceedingly touching.

"Margaret," he said, in tones rendered low and husky (so much so indeed as to be inaudible in the neighboring drawing-room) by his evident emotion,—"my own, my adored Margaret, oh, tell me that I have still the right to call you so! Oh, Margaret, if you could only know what I have suffered during these dreadful, dreadful days! Again and again I have thought that my reason must have sunk under the horrible mental torment I have suffered. It would, I feel sure, have done so, had I not at length forced my way to you despite the orders and efforts of nurses and all of them. Thank God, I can at least see and speak to you once again!"

"I see that you have hurt your arm, sir," said Margaret, coldly and haughtily; "did it ever occur to you that there might be worse torture than that of an injured limb? You tell me of your sufferings. Did you ever give a thought to mine?"

"Oh, Margaret, is it necessary to tell you, does not your own heart tell you, that what has been driving me mad has been the thought that you were suffering?"—

"Oh, indeed, Mr. Falconer? Your trouble on that score might have long since ceased; you made me pass a very, very miserable hour; but the agony was soon over; you do not suppose that I could feel aught but contempt for a man who could treat a girl as you treated me, or consider it anything but a matter for self-gratulation that I had escaped all ties with one who could be capable of such conduct?"

"You are unjust to me, Margaret. Your displeasure is natural; but it renders you unjust to me. Can you suppose that anything save physical impossibility,"—and here he glanced piteously at his maimed arm,—"*could* have prevented me from keeping the appointment it had been such rapture to me to make?"

"The post-chaise, then, was not, as I had heard, countermanded by your father's clerk?" sneered Margaret.

"Assuredly it was," replied he, "in consequence of the unfortunate accident which happened to me as I was on the point of hastening to the *rendezvous*. It was necessary to provide against your being compromised by leaving the chaise standing all night at the garden-door. That was the only idea that remained firm in my mind when the

agony of the dislocation took from me all power of thinking. Can you harbor resentment, Margaret, against the victim of so cruel a misfortune?"

"Cruel as the misfortune was, it must be admitted that it was opportune, Mr. Falconer,—almost as strikingly so as the first moment at which you are able to get out to bring me the assurance of your unbroken affection."

"Opportune, Miss Lindisfarn? What do you mean?" said Frederick, with a well-feigned air of utter perplexity.

"Simply this, Mr. Falconer," replied Margaret, with an expression of withering scorn,—*"simply this: that the abandonment of your proposed elopement coincided with very curious accuracy with the moment when the information in all probability reached you that I was not entitled to any portion of my father's estates; and that your reappearance here follows instantly upon the discovery that that information was quite erroneous. That is all."*

"Now, Margaret!" said Freddy Falconer, in a tone of friendly remonstrance, and not appearing at all overwhelmed by the accusations of his beloved,—*"now, Margaret,"* he said, stretching out both hands toward her, the injured one, too, curiously enough, *"is it not unworthy of both of us to suppose that either you or I could be influenced in our conduct by such considerations? Blakistry, I hear, declares that he has the certainty that both you and your sister were aware of the facts that were supposed to oust you from the inheritance of the Lindisfarn property at the time when you first made me happy by accepting the offer of my hand."* And Frederick looked at his beloved with a very peculiar expression as he spoke these words. *"Now the low-minded Sillshire gossips might make a very disagreeable story out of that. But we know each other better. We know that you in first accepting my offer and then in consenting to an elopement before the secret of your Cousin Julian's being alive had become known, as well as I in apparently suspending my hope of calling you mine for a short interval,—we know, I say, that neither one nor the other of us was influenced for a moment by any unworthy considerations? We know, each that the other is incapable of any such baseness. The world, my Margaret, the vulgar outside world, may talk of these things; but we know each other. I*

might have told you that I have induced my father to give Slowcome directions to make very exceptionally liberal arrangements in respect to pin-money. But it never occurred to me to mention it, knowing how little space any such matters would occupy in your thoughts."

"Little, indeed, Frederick," said Margaret, whose dark liquid eyes had begun, during the course of her Frederick's last speech, to turn on a service of glances of a very different quality from those with which she was regarding him at the commencement,—“little, indeed, would any such matters occupy my mind, except as affording a proof of your thoughtful love. Ah, Frederick, you know not, may you never know, what I have had to suffer since I doubted it!"

"But you doubt it no more, my Margaret?" he cried, advancing one stride toward her.

"To think of your having been so watchful over my future comfort, as to have persuaded your father to have the papers made differently. I must make that odious old Slowcome explain it all to me, that I may be able to say in days to come, Frederick, 'This I owe to the loving thought that remained true to me during the dark days.' May I ask old Slowcome to explain it to me?"

"He shall, my own Margaret. May I not once more call you so? It shall be explained to you, my Margaret," answered Frederick, who perceived that he was pardoned and restored to his former position, but that the little peace-offering he had mentioned must be really and absolutely paid, and not used only as dust to be thrown in the magnificent eyes of his Margaret.

"Ah, Frederick," she rejoined, allowing him to take her hand between both his, which he did with no impediment, apparently, from the maimed condition of one of his arms,—“ah, Frederick, these have been very painful days, a dark and miserable time! And we may be very sure that unkind and envious eyes have been watching us, and will not be slow to draw their own malicious conclusions, and make their own odious insinuations."

"But what need we care, dearest, for all the malicious tongues in the world, when we are mutually conscious of each other's truth and affection? Are we not all the world to each other, Margaret?"

"And that must be our strong and sufficient defence against all calumny; for you may depend on it we shall have to endure it. People are so envious, dear," she said, looking up at his handsome face and figure with all the pride of proprietorship.

"And well may all Sillshire be envious of me, my Margaret," murmured the gentleman, duly following lead.

So Margaret and Frederick understood one another very satisfactorily and completely, and, bold in their mutual support, advanced toward the drawing-room door.

"Take that handkerchief off your arm, Frederick; I am sure you can do without it," whispered Margaret, as they were on the point of entering; and Frederick did as he was bid.

I do not know that there is much more to be added to this chronicle of Lindisfarn. The most remarkable fact to be told in addition to what has been written, is that all four of the principal actors on the scene are yet alive, though it is forty years—ay, more than forty-one years by the time the lines will meet the reader's eye—since what has been related took place.

Admiral Ellingham, K. C. B., full admiral of the red, is a year or two on the wrong side of seventy; but he can still walk up through his own woods to the Lindisfarn Stone; and is altogether a younger man than Frederick Falconer, Esq., who, though a year or two on the right side of seventy, begins to find his daily drive from Belgravia into the city rather too much for him, though made in the most luxurious of broughams. His regularity in making this journey is not attributable, however, at all events, to any unsatisfactory state of things at home, due to the presence or conduct in his home of Mrs. Frederick Falconer; for she is not resident there. One child, a daughter, was born to them after a year of marriage. She is still single and is the natural heir to the great wealth of her father. Kate is the happy mother of a much larger family, and when all of them, with their respective wives and husbands and children, are collected at Lindisfarn, as is sometimes the case at Christmas, it would be difficult to find in all merry England, a finer, happier, merrier, or handsomer family party.

The loss of the *Saucy Sally* was eventually the making of Hiram Pendleton, and consequently of his brave and faithful wife, in-

stead of being their ruin. A good deal of admiration had been excited in the neighborhood by the gallant manner in which he had rescued his two passengers, Barbara Mallory and her child, from a watery grave, at the imminent risk of his own life; and partly by the assistance of others, but mainly by the exertions and influence of Captain Ellingham, he was put into possession of the neatest fishing-smack on all the Sillshire coast, on the condition—most loyally observed—that she was to be used for fishing in the most literal sense of the term.

Julian Mallory was also indebted to Captain Ellingham for his first start and subsequent protection in a career which has given him his epaulets in the coast-guard service, and enabled him to offer a home to his mother during her declining years; old Mallory died very shortly after the events above related; and Barbara lived for some years, the first of them with her boy, and the latter of them all alone, in the large stone house at Chewton, which her father left to her, to the exclusion of her brother Jared, and to the breach of all communication between the brother and sister.

I do not know whether it may occur to any readers of the above history that any case has been made out for an exemplary distribution of poetical justice. If so, I am afraid that I shall not be able to satisfy them within the limits of the few words which I have yet space to write.

Poetical justice often requires at least a volume or two for the due setting forth of it.

And perhaps if I had an opportunity of relating even compendiously some of the life experiences of the four principal personages of our story, it would be found that all the antecedents which have been either related or indicated in the foregoing pages bore fruit very accurately after their own, and not after any other, kind. Stones thrown into the air *always* fall down again according to the laws of gravity, and not sometimes only.

As for any more immediate and dramatic action of Nemesis, I am afraid there is little to be said. Each lady of our principal *dramatis personæ* married the man whom she wished to marry, and each gentleman had the lady of his choice. Assuredly no one of the four would have changed lots with the other. It is true the squire marked his sense of the difference of the way in which his two daughters had conducted themselves in the very peculiar and difficult circumstances in which they had been placed, by so arranging matters that the old house and the old acres fell wholly and absolutely to the share of Kate, a charge on them, equal to half their money value, being secured to Margaret. But although the old banker had originally dreamed other dreams, it was not long before Frederick and his wife had both learned to think that the arrangement made was such as they would have chosen. So there was no Nemesis in *that*.

But then does she not—thatsly and subtle Nemesis—habitually find the tools for her work rather in our choices gratified than in our choices frustrated?

“M. JULES JANIN suggests,” says the *Reader*, “that the interdiction of the Paris Shakspeare bouquet was the best thing that could have happened to it, and likens the catastrophe to that of Caleb, the cook, in Scott’s novel, where the accidental falling of some soot down the kitchen chimney is made to cover the nakedness of the larder by an excuse to the guests of a dinner of three courses spoiled by the soot.”

The celebrated paper manufactory of Schlagelmuhl, at Vienna, has succeeded, after many attempts, in producing excellent paper from maize-leaves. Paper has often been made from this substance, but on no previous occasion of so good a quality. It is stated, also, to be very moderate in price.

THE three hundredth anniversary of the printing of the first book in Moscow was lately celebrated in that city.

IN decorating St. Paul’s Cathedral, in London, German artists have been employed in executing the painted glass windows; and this has led to some discussion, as many think that British artists could do the work as well, and should have the preference.

From The Saturday Review.
ALLUSIONS.

WE are not going, as some might suppose from our title, again to discuss the strange abuse of language by which, in the jargon of the day, a man is said to "allude to" a thing when he makes no "allusion" whatever, but says what he has to say in the most straightforward way possible. Perhaps nowhere is this abuse more common than in debates in the House of Commons. It is charitable to suppose that it has arisen there out of the very necessary rule which forbids a member to be named directly, but requires him to be alluded to in some roundabout way. However this may be, we are now going to talk about allusions in the real and natural sense of the word; that is, when something is mentioned, not by name or otherwise directly, but in some roundabout and possibly obscure way. Thus, if one speaks of Mr. Disraeli, or of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, we are calling things by their common names, and no one can doubt as to whom we are talking of. But if we speak of the Seer of Hughenden or of the Saviour of Society, our style at once becomes allusive. In becoming allusive, our style also becomes possibly obscure. It is always likely that some of our readers or hearers may not know what our allusion is; it is even possible that we may not always know ourselves.

The nature of an allusion, in short, is that the person or thing spoken of is not named directly, but is hinted at or indirectly described by means of some attribute or accident. Whether a person or thing should be named directly or only alluded to is a question to be settled in each particular case. A terse, a pointed, above all, an original allusion is often the most forcible way of putting anything. For delicate compliment, for biting sarcasm, for effective contrast, nothing tells so well as a really appropriate and effective allusion. But on the other hand, no weapon is more dangerous in clumsy hands,—nothing is more likely to degenerate first into a mere trick of style, and then into a mere meaningless and vulgar conventionality. As in all other matters where so much depends upon taste and tact, it is hard to give any rule to decide when allusions are beauties and when they are blemishes. But perhaps it is safe to say that the allusion is better away unless there is something in its terms

to which the matter in hand gives a direct point. "The son of Amram did so and so," said a youthful seeker after pulpit eloquence in what Professors of Pastoral Theology call his "tentative effort." "The son of Amram," says Mr. Simeon, to whom the would-be sermon was shown,—"who was he?" "Moses," was the meek and abashed answer. "Then, if you mean Moses, why not say Moses?" Now, as we know a great deal about Moses and absolutely nothing about Amram, it is hard to conceive any position in which force or point could be gained by talking of Moses as "the son of Amram." But to speak of David as "the son of Jesse," or of Alexander as "the son of Philip," may be a mere trick of style, or it may be thoroughly appropriate and forcible. Which it is in each particular case must depend wholly on the context. The style of Gibbon is, perhaps, on the whole, too allusive, but a careful examination will show that in most of his roundabout ways of expressing things there is commonly a real point in the position in which each is found. His allusions often save a long description or comment, and they commonly serve some real purpose of contrast or sarcasm. About the most perfect allusion we know is one, not of Gibbon's own, but quoted by him in a note. Henry IV. of France threatens a Spanish ambassador that he will "breakfast at Milan and dine at Naples." "And perhaps Your Majesty will reach Sicily in time for Vespers." The man who could say that off-hand ought never to have spoken again, for fear of disgracing one of the best sayings that human lips ever uttered.

On the other hand, an allusion, to some fact, for instance, in history, or to some passage in a favorite author, has a strong tendency to degenerate into a mere cant phrase. Somebody makes an application of a name, a phrase, or a story. In its first application it was probably really witty and forcible. Somebody else is taken with it, and repeats it on some other occasion where it is less witty and less forcible. It loses point at every repetition, till at last it becomes a mere cant expression used by speakers and writers who think their style would be degraded by ever calling a spade a spade. Allusive expressions get repeated in this way till they cease to be allusions at all, because people quite forget the person or story about which the saying

originally arose. Thus when a man calls a man with whom he dines "an Amphitryon," he means to say something fine and spicy; but he really only says something silly. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, he does not know the passages in Plautus and Molière from which the expression is derived. If he does know them, he will probably not use the word, because he will see how utterly void of point it is when applied to a man who, under ordinary circumstances, gives you a dinner.

So it is now thought to be a capital joke to call every man who has a wife and children "Paterfamilias" as a sort of proper name. Where the joke is we cannot in the least understand. Yet we can quite believe that it was a good joke the first time it was said. Some fussy, authoritative, self-important head of a family reminded some bystander versed in the Civil Law of the rights and powers, the *patria potestas*, of the old Roman father. To call him "Paterfamilias," once for all, was quite an allowable sarcastic allusion. But when the thing was once said, it was sure to be said again. It has now come to be a stock phrase, absolutely without point, and constantly in the mouths of people who know nothing of Roman law, and who, perhaps, can hardly construe the two Latin words. It would be a relief if the next citizen who goes to Brighton or to Boulogne were, for variety's sake, instead of Paterfamilias, to be labelled "Ab," "Tad," or "Atta," which, if we mistake not, mean the same thing in Hebrew, Welsh, and Turkish respectively.

It, of course, often happens that, in using allusions of this sort, people not only use or abuse words without any feeling of their real meaning, but that they often use them so as to be guilty of positive blunders. Some years back, when a European Congress was looked to as the solution of every question and the deliverance from every complication, it was the fashion to speak of the said Congress as the "great Areopagus of Europe." It would have been just as much to the purpose if they had called it the House of Lords, the Middlesex Sessions, or the Supreme Court of the United States. In fact, the Athenian Areopagus, combining some of the functions of a court with some of the functions of a senate, has some slight analogy with our House of Lords, or with the American Senate, but ab-

solutely none with an assembly of diplomatic representatives from several powers. But we always suspected at the time that a more subtle blunder was at work than merely mistaking the functions of the Areopagus at Athens. As in Italian politics there used to be single treasons and double treasons, so, in the great art of blundering, there are single blunders and double blunders. We suspect that to call the Congress an Areopagus was a double blunder. We cannot help thinking that the clever fellow who first called it so began with jumbling together the Areopagus at Athens and the Amphictyons at Delphi, and then utterly mistook the real functions of the Amphictyons. The Areopagus has no resemblance whatever to a diplomatic congress; the Amphictyonic Council has a slight and superficial one. Areopagus and Amphictyons alike were hard names; both sounded fine, both were unintelligible to the general reader. Which the penny-a-liner took up was a matter of chance; so he happened to take up the one which had no sort of analogy whatever to what he was talking of, instead of the one which had an analogy, though a very faint and feeble one.

So, again, it is still not uncommon, though much less common than it used to be, to employ the words "Goth" and "Gothic" in a contemptuous way, to express want of taste in art, or reckless destruction of works of art. It was in this contemptuous sense that the name Gothic was first applied to the mediæval architecture of Western Europe. "Goths and Vandals" is a good stock phrase for savages, barbarians, wanton destroyers. Mr. Layard improved upon the formula by coupling the Turanian Hun with the Aryan Goth, while Lord Palmerston went further afield and brought in Jesuits from one quarter and Saracens from another. Now, all this talk about Goths shows utter ignorance of the history on which the allusion is founded. We cannot let the Vandals off so lightly, as Genseric certainly did a good deal of damage; but it would be hardly too much to say that there is no evidence that any Goth ever destroyed anything. Alaric plundered Rome; but he did not destroy. The great Theodoric was the preserver and restorer of all the monuments of Rome. The Goths had no possible temptation to destroy the Roman buildings; on the contrary, they admired, preserved, and did their best to imitate them.

The mischief which ignorance attributes to the Goths was really done by Italian barons and papal nephews at various times from the tenth century to the seventeenth. So when a man talks of Gothic barbarism to display his aptness at historical allusion, what he really does display is his aptness at historical blundering.

One curious fact about these inapposite allusions is that they are so commonly indulged in by people who cannot spell. One reason for this is obvious. Small mythological allusions, which are perhaps the commonest of any, have got so very hackneyed that no scholar will condescend to them. The Sirens, the Sphinx, and the Sibyls, as mere allusions, to deck a paragraph, have fairly become the property of scribblers who probably could not tell the stories of Odysseus, *Œdipus*, and Tarquin. But in their hands they invariably become Syren, Sphynx, and Sybil. So if a man wishes for a fine name for Africa, ten to one he talks about Lybia. Following out the idea suggested by an aristocratic improvement on the most venerable of surnames, we beg to recommend the Sphynx as a further refinement still, which cannot fail to produce a sensation almost equal to that which follows on Mr. Dion Bouciucult's tremendous header.

Sometimes a word originally introduced by way of allusion gets repeated over and over again, till the allusion is quite forgotten, and the word becomes a mere awkward and needless synonym for some better word. Dean Trench has collected a good many instances of this kind in his "Select Glossary." He has a long list of words, which as originally used, had a real point, but from which the point has since altogether vanished. To take one of the last instances, some physician, with a turn for politics, probably said that "Ireland was in a state of *chronic* discontent." The allusion to his own art might do perfectly well as an allusion, once for all. But "*chronic*" was a hard word, and sounded fine; so people caught it up, and "*chronic*" is now merely a foolish synonym for "constant," "lasting," or "permanent." Since "*chronic*," Mr. Matthew Arnold has introduced "*tonic*"—a term of the same art as "*chronic*," and which has the merit of rhyming with it. Several passages in Homer are said by Mr. Arnold to be "*tonic*." We have not the faintest notion what

Mr. Arnold means; we can only suppose that it has something to do with "the grand style." But we wait with anxiety to see whether the world at large will take up "*tonic*" as eagerly as it has done "*chronic*." We did, indeed, once see, before Mr. Arnold wrote in some newspaper or other, that Apothecaries' Hall was adorned with "pilasters [plasters?] of the Tonic order." But then we thought it was a mere misprint for "*Ionic*." So with our old enemy "*decimate*." So with the latest vulgarism of "*ovation*." About this last word we have a suggestion to make. The next time that any luckless wight is pelted with rotten eggs, we hope that some spirited chronicler will tell the world that "he received an ovation."

From The Spectator.

THE SCOT ABROAD.*

THIS is a charming book, written in the lightest and most conversational of styles, but as full of "meat" as if its author had been a worshipper of the dignity of history. The pleasant author of the "*Book-Hunter*," it appears, either passes his leisure, or did once pass it, in an effort to reconstruct the history of Scotland, and has used the knowledge he has acquired and the collections he has made to illustrate the career of the Scot out of his own country. The result is a series of sketches, all readable, most of them full of information which, to a Southron at least, is original, and one or two containing generalizations which display a thorough comprehension of the great "points" of European history. The first volume is, we think, the more valuable of the two; for it brings out in the fullest detail the origin, progress, and decline of the alliance which, from the days of the Conqueror to the accession of James II., governed the foreign policy of Great Britain, the "*ancient league*," as Mr. Burton calls it, between Scotland and France. We will endeavor to summarize the more original portions of his account, which, though familiar to historians, are as little known to the ordinary Saxon public as the history of the great popular movement, which in the

"*The Scot Abroad*." By John Hill Burton. Two volumes. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons.

reign of Anne, extorted the Act of Union from England almost at the point of the sword. The popular notion is, we believe, that this union was forced on Scotland; but the truth is, that it was forced on England by a threat of final separation if it were not conceded. The Scotch, beggared and maddened by the failure of the Darien expedition, which they attributed to "the Dutchman," declared that unless their losses were repaid to the last penny, and themselves admitted to full participation in all English privileges, particularly of commerce, they would on Anne's death set up a separate monarchy. If Parliament chose the Stuarts, the Estates would set up another family,—probably the Bruces; if Parliament rejected the Stuarts, the Estates would accept them. The Estates passed a law to arm the whole population in case England should try force, and an English vessel was even seized in the Forth, in reprisal for the legal condemnation of a ship belonging to the Darien Company. Scotland was, in fact, in insurrection, the English ministry gave way, and the most beneficial political act ever passed by a representative assembly was, in fact, a concession to avert a civil war.

The long war which, with intervals of truce, raged between England and Scotland from Hastings to Bannockburn was, in fact, the only open contest between the Norman and the Saxon. The lowlands of Scotland were in 1066, almost completely in Saxon hands, Saxon emigrants,—Johnstons, Armstrongs, Kerrs, Bells, Scotts, Browns, and others with purely Saxon names,—ruling a mixed race of Celts and Saxons. The Conquest greatly increased the number of the dominant caste, the Saxons, disorganized and cowed, flying in thousands to Scotland, more particularly from the territory north of the Humber, which William is said to have "depopulated." The Court became purely Saxon, and ordered invasion after invasion of England with little result, except to establish in the minds of the French Kings of England an ardent desire to extend the limits of their sovereignty up to the Hebrides. The Plantagenets very nearly succeeded, and Mr. Burton notices that during the struggle the Scotch nobles of great mark are Normans,—De Vere, De Coucy, De Umfraville, and the like. The Saxon commonalty, however, hated the nobles and England for their sake, and when

Bannockburn settled the question, they replaced their old Saxon lords in the position which their descendants still enjoy, "the bold Buccleugh," for example, being just now the social superior of the nobles whose fathers considered his fathers much as we consider the men of Tipperary. Cut off by the long struggle from all amity with England, the Scotch turned their eyes to France, and from Bannockburn to the accession of James the First, Scotland became in politics a haughty but dependent province of France. Every cadet who found no room at home, every man whose ambition could not be satisfied with the proceeds of what was then a bleak and barren soil, where wheat was as rare as green-gages are now, sought a new career in the beautiful land whose rulers were so friendly to his race. The Kings of France finding that Scotchmen could fight, always at war with their own nobles, with the Spaniards, with the Germans, and with Englishmen, were delighted to obtain such supporters, and granted them special privileges. John Stewart, Earl of Buchan, who landed in 1424 with five thousand followers, was created Constable of France, the highest fighting dignity in the realm; the Scotch guard was treated like a company of nobles; an illegitimate son of the bad Badenoch, who lies in Dunkeld Cathedral, helped Charles the Bold to reconquer Liège; Alexander Stewart (Albany) became a great continental statesman, married into the family of Auvergne, and became a thorough Frenchman; Stewart of Darnley obtained the lordships of Aubigny, Conceressault, and d'Evereux, and his son Bernard became "Viceroy of Naples, Constable of Sicily and Jerusalem, Duke of Terra Nova, Marquis of Girace and Squillazo, Count of Beaumont, D'Arcy, and Venassac, Lord of Aubigny, and Governor of Melun." A Douglas became lord of the whole province of Touraine, a Hamilton Duc de Châtelherault and Constable of France. The minor successes are endless, and the noblest houses in France still trace back their ancestry to Ramsays and Kinnemonds, Gowries and Morrisons, Livingstons and Williamsons (Vallençon). The De Lisles were Leslies, the Vaucoys Vauxes, the de Lauzuns Lawsons, the D'Espences Spences, and so on through a long muster-roll. Usually these men sank, as it were, into the soil, concealing their names under some new territorial

designation; but the pedigrees have been well kept, and French historians have acknowledged to the full the obligation of their country, and more especially of the royal house, to the exiles. At last the union of the countries culminated, and by the marriage of Mary, heiress of Scotland and a Guise, to the dauphin, heir of the Valois, the three strands of the rope,—France, Scotland, and the Guises,—were united, and to record to all the world the union all Scotchmen were by one single decree made naturalized citizens of France.

And then the ancient alliance virtually ended. The Scotch people, though well pleased to seat themselves in France, had never cordially liked the French. They hated the French nobles, who, accustomed to unquestioned rule in their own country, tried to treat the stubborn Scotch peasants as they treated the villeins of Picardy, and who were especially insolent in their denunciations of Scotch poverty. "Besides," says Froissart, "whenever their servants went out to forage, they were indeed permitted to load their horses with as much as they could pack up and carry; but they were waylaid on their return, and villanously beaten, robbed, and sometimes slain, insomuch that no varlet dare go out foraging for fear of death. In one month the French lost upwards of a hundred varlets; for when three or four went out foraging, not one returned, in such a hideous manner were they treated." That is, the nobles landed as allies, sent their followers out to plunder, and the peasants, not seeing why they should be plundered, killed a few and thrashed more,—a highly proper proceeding, though villanous in Froissart's eyes. In 1395, the Scotch Estates were compelled to pass a law that the foreigners should not take meat by force, and many years later the French, after a raid into England, retired to France, all except a few great men, whom the canny Scotch retained as hostages for the money the Frenchmen in general owed. They hated, too, the interference of the pope, and they hated above all the Scoto-French whom the alliance with the Guises brought over

latterly to their rough kingdom. They killed most of them one way or another, and then came the dauphin's death, the reformation, and a final break between Scotland and her ancient ally. From the death of Elizabeth, the struggle with England was reduced to one for money and privileges, and with the last of the Stuarts it ended, as we have said, in an act, extorted by Scotland from England, which gave to England the aid of the single race with whom Englishmen have ever been able to live on terms at once of brotherhood and equality, and to Scotland wealth beyond her dreams.

There is only one want in these two volumes, and that is a general sketch of the peculiarities which enabled the Scotch abroad to succeed so well. That they were brave and thrifty and faithful, we all know; but Southrons as yet do not quite recognize that the Scot is one of the most adaptable of mankind. Hard, prejudiced, and logical, he has, nevertheless, some quality which makes him at home among the most diverse races,—a quality totally wanting in the race which in some respects is most like himself, the Frenchman of the Northern departments. His position in France for centuries was exactly that of the Frenchmen who thronged the Court of the Plantagenets, and whom our fathers, calling them "favorites," used to massacre every now and then; but he never excited any national hatred. Why? The Scot adventurer was a violent person, who took all he could get and held it with the strong hand, and was very free of blows, and not at all free of money, yet he was liked and obeyed, while his rival was hated and despised. We believe the secret to have been the entire absence of insolence in the Scotch character, a sort of thrift of force which induced him to injure nobody unless there was a reason for injuring him; but we should like to see Mr. Burton's opinion on the subject. The adaptability exists still, and has perhaps done more for Scotland and Scotchmen than much higher but less cosmopolitan virtues.